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COMING HOME.

Oh, brothers and sisters, growing old,
Do you all remember yet
That home, in the shade of the rustling trees,
Where once our household met?

Do you know how we used to come from school,
Through the summer's pleasant heat,
With the yellow fennel's golden dust
On our tired little feet?

And how sometimes in an idle mood
We loitered by the way;
And stopped in the woods to gather flowers,
And in the fields to play;

Till warned by the deepening shadow's fall,
That told of the coming night,
We climbed to the top of the last long hill,
And saw our homes in sight?

And brothers and sisters, older now
Than she whose life is o'er,
Do you think of the mother's loving face
That looked from the open door?

Alas! for the changing things of time;
That home in the dust is low,
And that loving smile was hid from us
In the darkness long ago!

And we have come to life's last hill,
From which our weary eyes
Can almost look on the home that shines
Eternal in the skies.

So, brothers and sisters, as we go,
Still let us move as one,
Always together keeping step,
Till the march of life is done.

For that mother, who waited for us here,
Wearing a smile so sweet,
Now waits on the hills of Paradise,
For her children's coming feet?

THE QUEEN OF THE SAVANNAH.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SUCCOR.

The emotion caused by the strange apparition we described in the last chapter was gradually dissipated; minds regained their equilibrium, and ere long the travellers, reassured by each other's presence, laughed and jested at the terror they had felt. Two of them, however, more obstinate, or more affected than the rest, wished to detect the meaning of this extraordinary adventure, and, as if by common accord, though they did not communicate to each other the result of their reflections, they fetched their horses, mounted, and rushed into the forest from two opposite points. These two men were Don Aurelio Gutierrez and the Canadian adventurer, known as the Sumach.

Their absence was long, and their comrades impatiently awaited their return for several hours. At length they reappeared, each coming in a direction opposite to that in which he had set out. For a radius of four leagues round the clearing, they had explored the forest, clump by clump, bush by bush, but in vain; their researches had obtained no result; they had discovered no trace, and found no sign which might lead them to the truth. At one moment the adventurer fancied that he heard the distant gallop of a horse; but the sound was so remote, so indistinct, that it was impossible for him to form any opinion or acquire a certainty. As for Don Aurelio, the forest had been as silent to him as a tomb.

Both, therefore, rejoined their companions with hanging heads and minds occupied with this apparition, which seemed to them the stranger because their staunch hearts and straightforward minds could not accept it as a divine intervention, and yet it could not be an hallucination. At the moment when they re-entered the clearing the night was nearly spent, the stars were growing pale, and expiring one after another. Wide tinted bands were beginning to appear athwart the horizon, the flowers and plants exhaled a sharper and more penetrating perfume, and the birds nestled beneath the leaves were already preluding with timid notes the melodious concert with which they each morning salute the break of day. The sun would make its appearance ere long.

The horses were saddled, and the travellers had only been awaiting the return of the two explorers to resume their journey. At the moment when Don Aurelio was about to give the signal to start, the Sumach walked up to him and laid his hand on the bridle of his horse.

"One moment," he said; "before we start I should wish to make a few remarks to you."

The Mexican regarded the adventurer closely, and read on his thoughtful face so serious an expression that he bowed to him deferentially.

"I am listening to you," he said.

The Sumach, as the surname he bore sufficiently proved, was a man endowed with that ferocious and blunt courage to which every contest is a holiday, and which overthrows any obstacles that rise before it, however great they may be. Deeds done by this

THE ATTACK.

man were related which displayed a boldness and temerity bordering on the prodigious. Fear was as unknown to him as was weakness. But he was a Canadian; that is to say, he belonged to that hardy Norman race, so superstitious and credulous, which trembles at night at the dashing of an owl's wing against a pane of glass, and for which apparitions and phantoms are almost articles of belief. In a word, this man, who would have been unmoved by the sight of twenty rifles pointed at his bosom, had an inward tremor at the thought of the past night's apparition. And yet, so peculiar is the human mind, the suspicious being who had so startled him had scarce disappeared ere he rushed in pursuit. The truth was that his indomitable courage had revolted at the thought of the involuntary panic, his heart palpitated with shame, and he tried to discover the truth or falsehood there might be in the occurrence.

The sterile hunt he had made in the forest had put the final touch on his mental confusion, conviction was forced upon him, and now he felt certain that a supernatural intervention had given them a warning which they would do very wrong in neglecting. This was the reason which made him oppose the immediate departure of the travellers and address Don Aurelio.

"Listen, caballero," he said to him, in a firm voice, "I am only an ignorant adventurer to whom books have hitherto been unknown things. There are few things in the world I fear, but I am a Christian and a Catholic; as such I cannot believe that God would disturb the order of nature without some powerful reason. What is your opinion in the matter?"

"I entirely share your opinion, my good fellow," Don Aurelio replied, who, a good Catholic himself, and sincerely attached to his religion, did not dream of disputing its dogmas and creeds.

"In that case," the adventurer continued, "trusting only to my own poor judgment, the being who appeared to us a few hours ago does not belong to this world. Yourself fired two pistol shots almost point-blank without hitting, and though we started immediately in pursuit we found no signs or trace. Is that so?"

"I must allow, senor, that all this is not only perfectly true but strictly exact."

"Very good," the Sumach continued, evidently pleased with this answer. "Now, neither of us can affirm with certainty whether this being comes from heaven or the other place; but that is of but slight importance to me. What I consider as far more serious is the advice offered to us. Whether it be true or false we are unable to discover at this moment, but it is our duty not to neglect it. If a serious danger menaces your friends we are not numerous enough at this moment to offer them effectual help."

"That is just; but what is to be done?" the Mexican remarked, struck by the adventurer's logical reasoning.

"Patience," the latter said, with a smile full of meaning. "Did not my comrade, Moonshine, tell you last night that if you broke your engagement with me I should not fail of avengers."

"It is true," Don Aurelio exclaimed, eagerly.

"Well," the Canadian said, "what I did not care to tell you then I will confess now. I have some twenty comrades a few leagues from here, Canadians like myself, all resolute men and devoted to me. I was going to rejoin them last night when we met. I will place them at your orders, if you like, for this expedition, on the understanding that when the danger has passed—should there be any—if the conditions we offer do not please you, we shall be at liberty to withdraw in safety."

"Certainly," Viscacha exclaimed, yielding involuntarily to the joy he probably experienced; but, recognizing at once the fault he had committed, he humbly withdrew behind his master, muttering—

"Pardon me, Senor Caballero."

"I pledge you my word as a gentleman," Don Aurelio answered; "then you have at your disposal twenty bold comrades?"

"Yes, or nearly so," the adventurer said; "and I offer them to you."

"Unfortunately we are in a hurry, and you will not have time to warn them."

"Well, I did not think of that," the Canadian said, thoughtfully.

"Where are they at this moment?"

"I told you; about two leagues from here."

"But in what direction?" Don Aurelio pressed him.

"Hang it! as you belong to the country, you will know better than I; they are encamped at a place called the Giant's Peak, on the road running to the Hacienda del Bario."

"What!" the Mexican exclaimed, in delight, "why that is the very hacienda we are going to!"

"Can it be possible?" the adventurer asked, in amazement.

"Nothing is truer; my friends are going to assemble there."

"If that be the case, it is useless to lose any further valuable time; let us be off at once."

"Of course; I am most anxious to do so."

"By the way," said Sumach, "I will go on ahead, so as to warn my comrades, in that way you will not be obliged to make a circuit to reach our camp, and when you arrive opposite the Giant's Peak, you will find us on the road ready to follow you. Does that suit you?"

"Canarios! I should think so; you are a precious man, you think of everything, so be off at once."

The Canadian dug his spurs into his horse's flanks and started at full speed. The travellers followed him at once; their pace, though rapid, was however much more moderate than that of the adventurer, who appeared to devour space. Moonshine remained with the Mexicans, and galloped by the side of Don Aurelio.

"Why did you not tell me about your cuadrilla?" the latter asked him.

"Pardon me, senor," the Canadian said, "but your memory fails you at this moment; I was about to speak of it when my friend, the Sumach, forced me to be silent."

"That is true; I remember."

"Now," he continued, "I will take the liberty of remarking, that in speaking of my comrade's party you used the words *your* cuadrilla."

"Well," Don Aurelio observed, "have I unwittingly offended you by that qualification?"

"Not at all, senor; still I will inform you that I do not at all belong to this cuadrilla, as you call it; I am simply a buffalo-hunter and beaver-trapper. I do not say that when the opportunity offers to draw a bead on a Red Skin I refuse to do so; far from it—it is, in fact, an amusement in which I frequently indulge; but soldiering is not at all in my line."

"I thought you an intimate friend of your countryman," the Mexican remarked.

"You were not mistaken," the hunter answered, "we are indeed very old friends, though our avocations are diametrically opposed."

"And on the present occasion, would you refuse the support of your arm in defending the good cause?"

"I do not know what you call the good cause," the Canadian replied, simply, "and, as a foreigner, I care very little to learn what it is. Thanks to heaven your disputes do not concern me the least in the world; but I should consider myself a coward if I abandoned a man with whom I have eaten and drunk, and by whose side I have slept, when a serious danger seems to threaten him. Hence you can safely reckon on me."

"Thanks, caballero," the Mexican said, warmly; "you are a man whose heart is in the right place."

"I believe it is; but I do not see why you should take the trouble to thank me for so natural a thing as this."

Don Aurelio regarded him for a moment with repressed admiration.

"Let me shake your hand," he said to him.

"With pleasure," the hunter simply replied.

During the preceding conversation the sun had risen on the horizon, and beneath the influence of its hot and enlivening beams, which made the pebbles in the road glisten like diamonds, the scenery had lost that stern appearance which the darkness had imparted to it. A warm vapor rose from the ground and formed a species of transparent fog, that refreshed the atmosphere which was already rendered sultry by the sun; the leaves damp with dew seemed greener, the birds twittered in rivalry, and at times an elk or antelope, startled by the thundering echo of the horses' hoofs, leaped from beneath a bush, and dashed madly away with head thrown back and dilated eye; or the alligators raised their heavy heads from the mud in which they were imbedded, and after gazing at the travellers for a moment, plunged into the lake.

The Mexicans galloped on thus without the slightest incident for about two hours, conversing together about indifferent topics, and apparently as tranquil as if they were not going to meet a probable danger. They had left for some time the banks of the lake which they had hitherto been following, and, turning to the right, entered a narrow track, the bed of a dried-up torrent, encased between two hills over which mighty oaks formed a dense dome of verdure which the sunbeams could not penetrate.

"The Giant's Peak is only a league and a half to our left," Don Aurelio said to the Canadian.

"In that case," the latter quietly replied, "we shall soon come up with our friends; they must be waiting for us at the end of that canon."

In fact, when the travellers passed through the species of defile in which they were, they saw about fifty yards ahead of them, a party of horsemen drawn up in good order, at whose head Don Aurelio recognized, with a delight he did not attempt to conceal, the worthy adventurer. The two bands were soon commingled.

"Thanks," the Mexican said, with a smile to the Canadian; "you are a man of your word."

"Did you doubt it?" the other remarked.

"Certainly not."

And they continued their journey at a gallop. They had at the most but two leagues to go ere they reached the hacienda. Moonshine spurred his horse, which soon carried him twenty yards ahead of the party.

"Where are you going?" Don Aurelio shouted to him.

"To scout," the hunter answered; "let me alone. We must not fall into a wasps' nest."

"Go on, my friend," said the Mexican.

The hunter went off; but a quarter of an hour had scarce elapsed ere his comrades saw him returing at full gallop, and making them signs to halt, which they obeyed.

"Oh, ho!" Moonshine exclaimed, so soon as he had rejoined them, "the warning was good: whether angel or demon, the person who gave it was well informed."

"Explain, explain," his hearers shouted.

"Silence," the hunter replied. "Listen!"

All did so; and then the distant detonation of fire-arms could be distinctly heard.

"What is happening!" Don Aurelio asked, a prey to the liveliest anxiety.

"A very simple thing," the hunter answered; "two or three hundred Indians, or at least men dressed in their garb, are furiously attacking the hacienda, the inhabitants of which are offering the most vigorous resistance."

"Caraï! Comrades, we must hasten to their assistance," Don Aurelio exclaimed.

"That is also my opinion; but take my advice; let us not act rashly, but take our precautions, for these Indians appear to me suspicious; they manage their pieces too well, and take too good an aim to be real Red Skins, and Indians would never venture to attack in open daylight a fortress like the one before us."

"Then your opinion is—"

"That they are disguised Spaniards, viva Dios, and nought else."

"We cannot hesitate," said the Sumach. "Every minute is worth an age. Let us approach softly, so as not to reveal our presence prematurely, and when we are near enough to the demons, let us charge them vigorously."

"Yes, we have nothing else to do. Forward!" Don Aurelio shouted.

"Forward!" the adventurers repeated.

The nearer they drew, the more distinct the sound became. With the shouts were mingled ferocious yells and howls uttered by the assailants, and to which the defenders of the hacienda responded with equally ferocious cries. They soon came in sight of the fortress, and perceived the combatants. The engagement was of a serious nature. The Indians, or men looking like them, fought with incredible energy and contempt of death, trying, in spite of the fire of the besieged, to escalade the walls of the hacienda, the top of which several of them were on the point of reaching. In spite of the courage they evinced, the defenders were unfortunately too few to carry on the contest much longer with any prospect of victory.

All at once a formidable cry was raised, and the Indians, furiously attacked in the rear, were obliged to wheel round. It was the charge of the adventurers. At the same moment further succor arrived for the besieged, for a second band of strangers rushed forward like a manada of forest tigers, and taking the Indians on the flank, made a desperate attack. The latter bravely supported this double assault, which they resisted with the utmost bravery; but the defenders of the hacienda finding they were at liberty through this providential help, which they were far from anticipating, made a sortie, and proceeded to help their defenders. There it became no longer a fight, but a butchery. The Indians, after disputing the ground for some moments, recognized the madness of a longer contest. They turned their backs, and sought safety in flight.

The second band, which charged the Indians simultaneously with the Canadians, had also disappeared. Still the Sumach, with a surprise mingled with horror, fancied that he recognized at the head of this band the fantastic being who had appeared in the forest; hence, in his simple credulity, he was not far from supposing that these combatants who vanished so suddenly were demons. When the few wounded white men were picked up, the adventurers, and those who had given them such effectual assistance, entered the hacienda. The plain, so noisy a few moments previously, became silent and solitary once again; and the birds of prey, left masters of the obstinately disputed battle field, began circling heavily above the corpses, with hoarse and sinister croaks of joy.

CHAPTER VIII.

INSIDE THE HACIENDA.

Although since the beginning of the civil war the Hacienda del Bario had frequently served as headquarters for the insurgents of New Spain, and, for this reason, had sustained several regular sieges from the government troops, who twice took it by storm, still, in the interior at least, but slight changes had taken place since the time when we first introduced the reader to it.

Still this house, which at that time was almost a country mansion, had become a real fortress, a deep and wide fosse had been dug round that side of the walls which might be accessible, and the threatening muzzles of several heavy guns peeped out of the embrasures, to avoid a surprise and defend the approaches to the hacienda. The trees had been felled for a radius of nearly a mile all round, the scarped path which ran round the hill and led to the gateway had been dug up in several places so as to render the approach still more difficult, and the drawbridge had been placed in working order.

On entering the hacienda the adventurers and travellers were received by a caballero, who paid them the greatest attention. It was the proprietor of the hacienda, Don Annibal de Saldibar. The eleven years which had elapsed since our prologue had produced but very slight effect on his vigorous organization. A few wrinkles had formed on the haciendero's wide forehead, here and there a few threads of silver were

mingled with his black hair, but that was all. He was still upright, and his eye was bright as ever. He and Don Aurelio had been long acquainted, and appeared to feel a sincere friendship for each other.

"You and the gentlemen who accompany you are welcome," Don Annibal exclaimed as he warmly pressed his friend's hand; "you could not have arrived more opportunely. Had it not been for you, I know not how matters would have ended."

"Well, I hope," Don Aurelio said, warmly returning the pressure; "are we the first at the meeting?"

"On my word, nearly so, there are very few persons here as yet. You know how difficult the communications are, and what a system of espionage Senor Apodaca, his excellency the Viceroy of New Spain, has invented. It is a perfect inquisition. Every suspicious individual is immediately arrested, so that our friends are obliged to act with the greatest prudence."

"In fact, we have unhappily reached that point when one half the population plays the spy on the other."

"Well, enough on this head for the present. You and your friends must need rest. Allow me to conduct you myself to the quarters which has been prepared for you by my orders."

"On my word, I confess to you that I accept your offer with the same frankness in which it is made."

Don Annibal then led his guests to spacious and rather comfortable furnished apartments, where he left them at liberty to behave as they thought proper, informing them that refreshments would be brought them directly; then he left them, in order to receive other persons who arrived at the hacienda at the moment. In fact, scarce had Don Annibal left, ere the door opened to make way for several footmen, loaded with trays covered with refreshments of every description. The Sumach, after bivouacking his adventurers in a corral, rejoined Don Aurelio, with whom remained only one of his servants, namely, Viscachu, in whom he seemed to have the greatest confidence.

Our four friends, that is to say, Don Aurelio, Moonshine, the Sumach, and Viscachu, sat down to the table, and did honor to the refreshments sent by Don Annibal, in a manner which would have assuredly pleased him, had he seen it. Viscachu, doubtless through humility, was seated a little away; he alone ate moderately, rather as a man who does not wish to be guilty of want of courtesy, than as a man who had just ridden ten leagues, and whose appetite must have been sharpened by recent and vigorous exercise. When the travellers' hunger was appeased, the conversation, which had, at the outset, been languishing, became more animated, and naturally turned on the master of the house in which the guests were assembled. Moonshine, after lighting his pipe, addressed Don Aurelio.

"Will you allow me," he said to him, "to ask you a few questions with reference to our host?"

"I see no reason why you should not," the Mexican replied; "I shall be even pleased to give you all the information you wish about him that I am in a position to supply."

"These questions will be quite general," the Canadian continued. "My friend and I are strangers, and as it is probable that circumstances will oblige us to make a rather lengthened stay in this country, I confess to you that we should be glad to have certain information about persons with whom chance may bring us into contact, which will enable us to act toward them in such a way as will not hurt either their feelings or their interests."

"The fact is," Oliver Clary said in support, interrupting his words with numerous puffs of smoke, "this country is so extraordinary, all that goes on in it so far surpasses anything I have hitherto seen, that I am quite of my countrymen and friend's opinion."

"As you please. To begin, I presume that you would like to know something about our host."

"You have hit it, caballero," both men said, with a polite bow.

"Nothing is easier, the more so because I am a distant relative of Don Annibal, and am better able than most persons to give you the information you require."

"Excellent," the Sumach said, as he threw himself lazily back in his chair.

"I think nothing equal to a good story after a jolly breakfast," said Moonshine, as he rested his elbows on the table, and prepared to listen.

Don Aurelio delicately rolled a husk cigarette between his fingers, lit it, and then went on as follows:—

"It is scarce mid-day," he said; "it is probable that we shall not be disturbed till four o'clock, for Don Annibal is at this moment occupied in receiving the numerous visitors who are arriving from all parts of the province. We have four hours before us, which we cannot employ better; so listen to me."

After this sort of introduction, the Mexican summoned up his recollections for a few minutes, and then went on like a man prepared to tell a long story:—

"Don Annibal Heredia Gomez de Alvarado y Saldibar is what we call in this country a *Christiano viejo*, that is to say, his blood has never crossed, during ages, with that of the Indians; he is descended in a straight line from that famous Don Pedro de Alvarado to whom Don Hernando Cortez entrusted the government and command of the city of Mexico, when he was compelled to proceed to Vera Cruz, to fight Don Pamfilo de Narvaez, whom Don Diego Velasquez, Governor of Cuba, sent against him, and who passed with all his men under the flag of the conqueror. You will see from this rapid sketch that Don Annibal comes from a good stock. When Hernando Cortez had completed the conquest of Mexico, he divided the vast territory among all his lieutenants. Don Pedro de Alvarado, owing to his fidelity to the Conquistador, was naturally the best provided for, and he soon found himself in possession of an enormous fortune. This fortune, being well managed, augmented in the course of time, and thus at the present day Don Annibal is not only one of the richest landowners in New Spain, but in the whole world. This colossal fortune was further increased, some sixteen years back, by Don Annibal's marriage with Dona Emilia de Aguilar, my cousin, sixth removed. Dona Emilia was at that period seventeen years of age, and one of the loveliest girls in the province."

Don Aurelio paused for a few seconds, and then continued—

"Here there is a grand gap, not in my recollection, but in the information I have been able to collect. At the period to which I allude some interesting business forced me to make a voyage to the Havanna, so that I only heard on my return that Don Annibal had drawn on himself the hatred of certain Indians established on his estates; that these Indians, expelled by him, had sworn to avenge themselves, which they tried several times, but unsuccessfully. While this was going on, Hidalgo, the cure of Dolores, raised the standard of revolt, and summoning the population under arms, began that long war of independence which is not yet terminated. Although of Spanish origin, Don Annibal, whose whole fortune consists of land and mines, and whom the triumph of the revolution would irremediably ruin if he obstinately remained faithful to the Spanish government, either through interest or conviction, or through these motives united, joined the insurrection, and became one of its most devoted adherents. The house in which we are at this moment, perfectly situated, as you can see, and tolerably well fortified to resist a surprise, has several times served as head-quarters for the insurgents. Once was Don Annibal surprised suddenly by the Spaniards; the hacienda was so completely and rapidly invested that Don Annibal had not the time, as he had intended, to send Dona Emilia and her child, who was then hardly eighteen months old, to Leona Vicario. Both, therefore, remained with him, and then a frightful affair, which has never been properly cleared up, took place. A snake was conveyed into the garden of the hacienda by an Indian, as was found by the trail discovered on the sand, and the bag of tapir hide he left behind. How this Indian contrived to elude the vigilance of the sentinels no one ever knew. Still it is a fact that this snake, without doing the slightest hurt to the infant, attacked the nurse, whose milk it sucked with a horrible frenzy. The wretched girl died almost immediately after in fearful convulsions, and Dona Emilia, who was a witness of the tragedy, not having the strength to endure it, went mad."

"Oh!" the hearers exclaimed, with a terror mingled with horror, "that is fearful."

"Is it not?" Don Aurelio said, sadly.

"And what became of the unhappy mother?" Moonshine asked with interest.

"Did she remain mad?" the adventurer added.

"No," the Mexican continued, "the unfortunate lady recovered her reason, or, at least, after two years of assiduous care, she appeared to do so, for, since the scene I have described to you, she has constantly suffered from terrible crises, which succeed each other with a strength and energy that continually grow greater."

"Poor woman!" Viscachu muttered.

"Oh, yes, poor woman!" Don Aurelio continued. "Don Annibal, although, he would not let it be seen, adored his wife. The misfortune which burst on him like a thunderclap, by revealing to him all the immensity of his passion, deprived him of the strength any longer to conceal it. All the time that Dona Emilia's madness lasted, the devotion and self-denial he displayed were sublime. When she at length recovered her senses, he ordered all his servants not to restrain her in any way, but to let her act as she pleased, without even questioning or troubling her. A strange change had taken place in Dona Emilia's character; this woman, or girl—for she was hardly eighteen years of age when the misfortune happened—so kind, gentle, timid, and graceful, became a lioness thirsting for carnage, only dreaming of combats, and having one fixed idea, that of incessantly pursuing the Red Skins, and pitilessly destroying them wherever she met them. Employing the liberty her husband granted her, she frequently disappeared from the hacienda for whole weeks, taking her daughter with her, from whom she never parts, and whom she has trained in her own feelings of hatred and revenge; and both remained absent all this time, and no one was able to discover what became of them, or what they were doing; then the mother and daughter would return with smiling faces and tranquil demeanor, as if nothing extraordinary had occurred."

"And now?" Moonshine interrupted.

"I believe that the same thing goes on now," the Mexican continued, "and that Dona Emilia has not given up her wanderings. Don Annibal, whom her absence terribly alarmed, has tried several times to prevent them, but he found that the precautions he took to keep his wife at home rendered her so unhappy that he preferred letting her act as she thought. However, for some reason unknown to me, the Indians feel such a superstitious terror of her that her mere appearance suffices to put them to flight, however numerous they may be, as has been witnessed on several occasions."

"It is extraordinary," Oliver Clary muttered.

"And the young lady?" Moonshine asked.

"She is now nearly fifteen years of age, and her name is Diana. She is an exquisite creature, light and graceful, fair-haired, and her eyes reflect the blue of Heaven; but, beneath this delicate appearance she conceals an indomitable energy, and an incredible firmness of character. Educated by her mother, as I told you, she adores and only obeys her, although she has a deep and sincere friendship for her father, and evinces the greatest respect for him. Still, Don Annibal, I feel persuaded, however energetic he may be, would not venture to contend with her, for he would be certain beforehand of defeat. The young lady is, therefore, quite her own mistress, and hence never leaves her mother; but the singular thing is that these two females, who understand each other so thoroughly, have admitted a third person to their friendship."

"A third," the Canadian said; "who is it?"

"That is the strangest thing of all; he is a tall, well-built, powerful young fellow of about two-and-twenty, whom Don Annibal brought back some twelve or thirteen years ago from an expedition against the Indians, and there is every reason for believing that he is a Red Skin himself. This person's name, or rather the name given him, is Melchior Dias. Gifted with prodigious strength and unequalled activity and excellency in all manly exercises, this young man is the darling of Don Annibal, who sees with secret despair the approaching extinction of his name, for he has no son, and is, consequently, the last of his race. Hence he has bestowed on this young man, who, I must allow, is in every respect worthy of it, through the goodness of his heart and the rectitude of his mind, the affection he would feel for a real son; on the other hand, being forced to consent to leave his wife and daughter their liberty, he is glad to know they have such a devoted defender, for Melchior accompanies them in all their expeditions. Several times Don Annibal has tried to obtain from the young man some information as to their nature, but the latter has been impenetrable, intrenching himself behind the oath he says he has taken never to reveal anything that relates to Dona Emilia. Now, how is it that this lady, who has such an inveterate hatred for the Indians, has taken into her friendship this young man, who, I repeat, is assuredly a Red Skin, and is so attached to him that she will not let him leave her for a moment?"

"And what does Dona Diana think of this young man?" the hunter asked.

"Diana is a child, knowing nothing of life; she believes that Melchior is her brother, for they were brought up together, and she feels a frank friendship for him."

"But the young man," Moonshine said, searchingly, "does he know that he is not Dona Diana's brother?"

"I am not aware, but it is probable that Don Annibal or Dona Amilia has informed him of his origin."

"Is he at the hacienda at this moment?" the Sumach asked.

"I cannot tell you. I have not been here for several months, and so do not know what is going on. But I hear a footstep in the corridor, and I doubt not but that we are going to be interrupted."

In truth, a light footstep was audible on the outside, coming nearer and nearer to the room in which the travellers were. At length the door opened, and a peon appeared.

"Pardon, senores," he said, after bowing ceremoniously, "Don Annibal de Saldibar, my master, requests you to follow me to the grand hall, where all the caballeros are assembled."

"We are at Don Annibal's orders," Don Aurelio said, as he rose.

His companions imitated him, and all four went out after the servant.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCT'R 10, 1868.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that well known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—In order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $6.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) $12.00. One copy of THE POST, and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of five cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your Post-office, county, and State. If possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 30 subscribers at $1.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send either Grover & Baker's No. 20, or Wheeler & Wilson's No. 3 Machine, price $55. After Jan. 1, 1869, we will send only the Grover & Baker No. 23 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, in search as he pays $1.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving.

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

Back Numbers.

TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

We still have a good supply of back numbers of THE POST on hand, containing the early portions of "THE QUEEN OF THE SAVANNAH," and "ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON."

We printed a large extra edition, in order that all new subscribers might be accommodated with these splendid stories.

AN INEQUALITY.

It is astonishing that with all the talk about politics, the public meetings, and the political essays and editorials in the newspapers, the great majority of even intelligent men should be so ignorant upon some very important points. We can account for it only by the habit that many men have, of reading merely the speeches and papers upon their own side of the question, with the mistaken idea that all which their own party leaders and editors say is gospel truth, and all that their opponents say is unmitigated falsehood.

Probably, for instance, if you say to any three intelligent gentlemen out of four, that the people of Rhode Island have as many votes in Congress and in electing the President, as double their number in the state of New York, they will either at once bluntly deny it, or manifest in a more delicate manner their incredulity.

And yet it is so—the whole matter being perfectly clear, as a few statements will show.

Rhode Island, which state has scarcely the population of two Congressional Districts in New York, has in addition to her two Representatives in Congress, two Senators. Now the two New York Districts have their two Representatives, but only their small proportion of the two Senators which the whole state is entitled to. As there are thirty-one Congressional Districts in New York, the two Districts we have instanced may be said to be represented in the Senate by only about one-fifteenth of a Senator. Therefore, if a Senator had only the influence of a Representative, the people of Rhode Island would have nearly double the influence in Congress of the same number of people living in New York. But as every Senator is probably as important in matters of legislation as three Representatives—there being less than one-third as many members of the Senate as of the House—the influence on the legislation of the country of 175,000 people living in Rhode Island, is nearly as great as that of *four* times the number living in the state of New York.

Contrasting the population of Rhode Island with that of the whole of New York, the case is even stronger. By the census of 1860, Rhode Island had a population of 174,620, while the state of New York had a population of 3,880,735—or *twenty-two* times as many. Now as Rhode Island has two Representatives and two Senators, New York, to have an equal influence for her population in Congress, should have *Forty-Four* Representatives and *Forty-Four* Senators. But she has only Thirty-one Representatives and *Two* Senators. And estimating one Senator to be as influential as three Representatives, Rhode Island has over *Five* times the proportionate influence in the councils of the Union that New York has.

This inequality, of course, also prevails in the case of the States of Delaware, Kansas, Nevada, Florida, Oregon and Nebraska—which all have only one Representative, and yet two Senators—as compared with New York. And the inequality of course is very great between these and any of the thickly-settled states.

What we have said applies also to the election of President and Vice President. For these are chosen by a body called the Electoral College, of which each state has as many members as it has Representatives and Senators in Congress.

Of course Rhode Island has four votes in the College, while New York only has thirty-three. If New York had as many as Rhode Island in proportion to population, as she has twenty-two times as many people, she would have eighty-eight. Thus the people of Rhode Island have almost three-times as large a vote in choosing the President and Vice President as the same number of persons in New York. And so of all the small States, in a greater or less degree, as compared with the large ones.

All this inequality of power results from the equal representation of the States in the Senate—an Equality which the smaller States insisted upon at the time the Constitution was formed, in order to obviate the danger of their being too greatly outweighed in the legislation of the country by the larger States. It is probable that they would not have entered into the Union, if this privilege had not been secured to them.

For it has been secured to them beyond danger of recall, so far as words and oaths can have power. It being expressly stipulated, in the article providing for Amendments, that "*no State, without its consent, shall be deprived of its equal suffrage in the Senate.*" Therefore, not even an Amendment of the Constitution, can deprive the smaller states of their unequal power, against their consent.

So much in relation to the inequality of power which thus necessarily results to different states, not only as regards legislation, but also (so long as the present mode of electing a President is continued) in respect to the election of the President and Vice President. For ourselves we do not regard it as an evil, or as anything to be complained of—but rather as a beneficial conservative force in our Constitution, in opposition to one of the most plausible but unsound political principles of the present century. Our article, however, is already sufficiently long.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY for September. Published by A. Roman & Co., San Francisco and New York.

THE HERALD OF HEALTH for October. Published by Miller, Wood & Co., New York.

How Crops Grow. A Treatise on the Chemical Composition, Structure and Life of the Plant, for all Students of Agriculture. By SAMUEL W. JOHNSON, M. A., Professor of Analytical and Agricultural Chemistry in the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale College. Published by Orange Judd & Co., N. Y.; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

FREAKS OF FORTUNE, AND MAKE OR BREAK. Two Books of the "Starry Flag Series." By OLIVER OPTIC. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

THE BRAMLEIGHS OF BISHOP'S FOLLY. A Novel. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

Causes of Sudden Death.

Very few of the sudden deaths which are said to arise from diseases of the heart do really arise from that cause. To ascertain the real origin of sudden deaths, an experiment has been tried in Europe, and reported to a scientific congress at Strasburg. Sixty-six cases of sudden death were made the subject of a thorough post mortem examination; in these cases only two were found who had died from disease of the heart. Nine out of sixty-six had died from apoplexy, while there were forty-six cases of congestion of the lungs—that is, the lungs were so full of blood they could not work, not being room enough for a sufficient quantity of air to support life. The causes that produce congestion of the lungs are, cold feet, tight clothing, costive bowels, sitting still until chilled after being warmed with labor or a rapid walk, going too suddenly from a close room into the air, especially after speaking, and sudden, depressing news operating on the blood. These causes of sudden death being known, an avoidance of them may serve to lengthen many valuable lives which would otherwise be lost under the verdict of heart complaint. That disease is supposed to be inevitable and incurable; hence, many may not take the pains they would to avoid sudden death, if they knew it lay in their power.

☞ THE NATIONAL DEBT.—In a recent speech in Missouri, Gen. Shields made the startling assertion that if the national debt was reduced into silver dollars and loaded into wagons, with one ton on each wagon, and forty rods of space between, the train would reach from New York, on the Atlantic ocean, to San Francisco, on the Pacific ocean.

☞ Stage coaches are about to be started by an American, between Yeddo and Yokohama, in Japan.

☞ A Kentuckian calculates that he has chewed 1,825 pounds of tobacco in the last forty years.

☞ A Cincinnati humanitarian has invented a carriage where the horse rides inside.

☞ At a mountain town in California, in 1856, Miss Pellet was expatiating on the great injury which whiskey had done to the morals of the country, and, swelling with inspiration, said she, "What, indeed, my friends, do you suppose would be the difference to your fair state to-day, if some arbitrary edict had forbidden the admission of a drop of liquor through the Golden Gate?" Just where the sensation was supposed to come in, as the speaker paused, a tall miner rose, and, as respectfully as the language could be delivered, said: "By ——, madam, we'd have had the Pacific Railroad!"

☞ Two French maids and twenty-two trunks composed the retinue of a returning New York belle.

The Track Finders of South America.

The following is from Sarmiento's "Life in the Argentine Republic," translated by Mrs. Horace Mann:—

THE RASTREADOR.

The most conspicuous and extraordinary of the occupations to be described is that of the Rastreador, or track-finder. All the gauchos of the interior are Rastreadores. In such extensive plains, where paths and lines of travel cross each other in all directions, and where the pastures in which the herds feed are unfenced, it is necessary often to follow the tracks of an animal, and to distinguish them among a thousand others, and to know whether it was going at an easy or a rapid pace, at liberty or led, laden or carrying no weight.

This is a generally understood branch of household knowledge. I once happened to turn out of a by-way into the Buenos Ayres road, and my guide, following the usual practice, cast a look at the ground. "There was a very nice little Moorish mule in that train," said he, directly. "D. N. Zapata's it was—she is good for the saddle, and it is very plain she was saddled this time; they went by yesterday." The man was travelling from the Sierra de San Luis, while the train had passed on its way from Buenos Ayres, and it was a year since he had seen the Moorish mule, whose track was mixed up with those of a whole train, in a path two feet wide. And this seemingly incredible tale only illustrates the common degree of skill; the guide was a mere herdsman, and no professional Rastreador.

The Rastreador proper is a grave, circumspect personage, whose declarations are considered conclusive evidence in the inferior courts. Consciousness of the knowledge he possesses gives him a certain reserved and mysterious dignity. Every one treats him with respect; the poor man because he fears to offend one who might injure him by a slander or an accusation; and the proprietor because of the possible value of his testimony. A theft has been committed during the night; no one knows anything of it; the victim of it hastens to look for one of the robber's foot-prints, and on finding it, they cover it with something to keep the wind from disturbing it. They then send for the Rastreador, who detects the track and follows it, only occasionally looking at the ground as if his eyes saw in full relief the steps invisible to others. He follows the course of the streets, crosses gardens, enters a house, and pointing to a man whom he finds there, says, coldly, "That is he!" The crime is proved, and the criminal seldom denies the charge. In his estimation, even more than that of the judge, the Rastreador's deposition is a positive demonstration, it would be ridiculous and absurd to dispute it. The culprit accordingly yields to a witness whom he regards as the finger of God pointing him out.

THE BAQUEANO, OR PATH-FINDER.

Next to the Rastreador comes the Baqueano, a personage of distinction, and one who controls the fate of individuals and of provinces. The Baqueano is a grave and reserved gaucho, who knows every span of 20,000 square leagues of plain, wood and mountain. He is the most thorough *topographer, the only map which a General* consults in directing the movements of his campaign. The Baqueano is always at his side. Modest and mute as a garden-wall, he is in possession of every secret of the campaign; the fate of the army, the issue of a battle, the conquest of a province, all depend upon him. The Baqueano almost always discharges his duty with fidelity, but the General does not place full confidence in him.

A Baqueano finds a little path crossing the road which he is following; he knows to what distant watering-place it leads. If he finds a thousand such paths, some of them even a hundred leagues apart, he is acquainted with each, and knows whence it comes and whither it goes. He knows the hidden fords of a hundred rivers and streams, above or below the ordinary places of crossing. He can point out a convenient path through a hundred distinct and extensive swamps.

In the deepest darkness of the night, surrounded by boundless plains or by forests, while his companions are astray and at a loss, he rides round them inspecting the trees; if there are none, he dismounts and stoops to examine the shrubs, and satisfies himself of his points of compass. He then mounts, reassures his party by saying, "We are in a straight line from such a place, so many leagues from the houses; we must travel southwards." And he sets out in the direction he has indicated, without uneasiness, without hurrying to confirm his judgment by arriving at the town, and without answering the objections suggested to the others by fear or bewilderment.

A REVOLUTION.—The revolution in grape culture has been a revolution indeed. As formerly almost every body cut and slashed their grape-vines, year after year, "hand ruining," as the phrase goes, so now almost every body lets them alone. The consequence is, there are grapes, and grapes, and grapes everywhere in plenty this year. I was informed the other day, by a gentleman well acquainted with the vineyards of the state, that they had for two years in succession abandoned the system of cutting and slashing the Catawba, and there it was healthy and bearing with its old profusion. —*Country Gentleman.*

☞ The novel style of novel reading!—Husband (old style question)—"What! dipping into the third volume, to see if every one is married?" Wife (new style of answer)—"Oh, they were married in the first volume. I only wanted to see if it was really her husband who poisoned her."

☞ Experiments recently conducted in Holland have satisfied theorists that tar is not a preservative of wood. If anything, it has a tendency to rot timber; but it has been certainly ascertained that creosote will keep it in excellent order for years.

☞ A New York barber paid seventy-five dollars for a crop of blonde hair on a single head, taking it "as it stood."

☞ A favorite style of dress for gentlemen in Paris this summer has been coats, vests and trowsers of white silk, with blue cravats.

☞ Mr. Edwin Booth recently purchased some "cloth of gold" for his new costume, in Richelieu, at one hundred and twenty-five dollars a yard.

☞ The difference between a male and a female swell is, that the expansion of one is at the top, the other at the bottom.

☞ It is becoming fashionable to take tea in the day time in France, and lovers of the "cup that cheers but not inebriates" hope soon to see the French drink tea instead of wine at breakfast.

Asking Friends to Drink.

THE EVIL OF IT.

A writer in the New York Leader (Si Slokum) thus expatiates upon the folly and evil of the ridiculous American practice of asking your friends to take drinks with you:—

The ridiculous, absurd American custom of "asking" is responsible for seven-eighths—mind, we say *seven*-eighths, and mean it too—of all the liquor consumed in this country. Abolish that custom to-day, and where there are eight barrels of liquor drank now, there would be only one. We believe this, and believe it can't be gainsayed. We appeal to any number of first-class drinkers for their opinions in the matter. We think they will agree with and corroborate our statement in the matter. To this custom we owe our "drinking between drinks," which, some wag, with more truth than poetry in his soul, said was the only thing that hurt, or words to that effect. What a ridiculous piece of folly it is to go into a place, if in the mood for liquor, to ask five or six acquaintances up to drink with you; yet it is done all the time, and by parties who perhaps want the money for stockings; but not to do it when your acquaintances are about, is to be looked upon as "small potatoes" and few in a hill. Take the following as an illustration of a delightful "fix," liable to arise from this absurd custom:

You feel in the mood for a glass. You go for it. You have, perhaps, a dollar about you. Meet a friend just as you are about to enter a gin-mill, and you "ask him." Enter, and he comes upon a group of four or five of *his* friends, who have just entered, and are conversing for a moment. You are introduced all round by your friend. Where are you now? With a dollar in your pocket, and five or six fellows on your hands, only one of whom you ever saw before, and morally bound by custom and impelled by false pride to ask them to join you in a social glass. You can't get out of it; they know you came in for some liquor, and as your friend introduced you and didn't invite, why you must do the honors, and you say you are glad to see them (an infernal lie, by the way.) and ask them up. If you are known at the bar all right, if not, you have to borrow of your friend. How's that? Perhaps some of the party might ask you some other time, but the chances are, they wouldn't know you the next day from a baked apple. A most absurd, dead fraud, this "asking" in connection with liquor. Do we ask, coax, prevail on acquaintances to go in and have neck-ties, gloves, or boots with us? "Come in and take a bottle of wine with me," men will say, and take you by the arm, and in you go. Do they ever say, "Come in and have a hat with me?" Are you continually urged to eat things? Do they ask you to take pocket-knives, lead pencils, hair-dye, tooth-powder, paper collars, or umbrellas, with them? No, this "asking" business is confined to liquor. It is liquor liberality, or a custom rather, that extends itself to no other article, if we except oysters and cigars, but in these it is limited.

Take a party of six Germans who go in for their lager. They sit down and each one drinks what he wants and pays for what he drinks. *He isn't forced and bantered* because he don't drink more. The same with Englishmen, Frenchmen, and all other people on the face of the globe, but Americans. You know how it would be with six of the latter did they go in for lager. There would be thirty-six glasses drank, or paid for, if not all drank, because each one must "ask" the others. Humbug! Folly!

Imagine a case like this, did the "asking" business extend beyond the confines of liquor. Two gentlemen walking up Broadway. One is attracted by a fine display of bottles—no, boots, shoes, etc., in a window. "Bob, let's go in and have some boots." In they go. "Take hold, Bob. What's your fancy?" "Thank you, Tom, but I'm not taking boots just now." "Oh, get in. Take hold. One pair won't hurt you." "No, excuse me, Tom." "Take something, Bob. Have a pair of shoes, boot-jack, gaiters. Take home a pair of boots for your wife. Don't see me do this thing alone." Bob comes down, and takes a pair of boots. It's no use. Who could withstand Tom's appeal?

Can't this thing be extended to boots, coats, umbrellas, tooth-brushes, nutmeg-graters, shirts, eye-glasses, carpet-bags, butter, etc.? How cheap some of us could get along, if it could be. Give it a start, gentleman. Don't let it be limited to liquor. If not, let us say: Teetotalers, if you would curtail, fearfully and wonderfully curtail the consumption of liquor, make an assault on this absurd "asking" custom in vogue with us; until you can do this, you needn't expect any let-up in liquor-drinking. If you, Parton, were a liquor-drinker, we should appeal to you to start a society—a non-asking-to-drink-society—every member thereof to pledge himself never to ask a man to drink. Drinking would then go out of fashion, speedily; but as you are not in the drinking line, we fear your society wouldn't flourish. The same with us, as we don't take anything; so nobody need be afraid of asking us.

☞ A Boston man who had frequently spoken in praise of the fine appearance of a certain young lady residing in that section of the city, was shocked at her condition upon returning from one of the sea-side resorts. She was bent over, and seemed to be in pain, although her face looked as pretty and as healthy as ever. He called the attention of his wife to her, and then for the first time learned that the complaint the fair one was troubled with was the "Grecian bend," or, as some term it, the "improper circumbendibustrosity."

☞ The British Medical Journal says: "We were much amused, not to say surprised, on looking over the out-patient accident books of the various London hospitals for two months, to find that of 124 'bites' of different kinds entered, 18 were attributed to men or women, which number was in excess of any other animal, with the exception of dogs, who were accused of inflicting the large number of 85. Horse-bites numbering 12; cat-bites, 0; the monkey and donkey being accused of one each. The two remaining were simply entered as 'bites.' We certainly have no reason to be proud of our exalted position."

☞ There are ninety-five hundred Jews and six synagogues in Chicago. They pay annually sixty thousand dollars for religious purposes, and have just finished a hospital at an expense of twenty thousand dollars, which sum they raised in two days. They claim six converts to the Jewish faith from Christianity.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The Earthquake in South America.—The steamer which recently arrived at New York from Aspinwall, brings further particulars of the disastrous earthquake in South America. The loss of life has been terrible, exceeding by far the figures already reported. In Ecuador, it is stated, that of Cotacachi, a place of over 65,000 inhabitants, Ibarra, with 15,000, and Otavalo, of 10,000—three of the largest cities in the north of Ecuador—literally nothing is left but ruins; and of the 90,000 human beings who peopled these places it is feared over two-thirds have perished. Besides these large cities, it is reported that hardly a town or village in the northern part of the republic has escaped. In Peru the loss of life is placed at 4,300. The destruction of property in the towns of this republic was immense, but owing to the time which elapsed between the rumbling announcing the earthquake and the shock, sufficient warning was given to the people to escape into the open fields, away from the falling houses. Chili appears to have suffered very slightly, the towns on the coast feeling the shock and being washed by the earthquake wave, but receiving no great damage. The distress in Peru from the destruction of provisions, and of the apparatus for condensing and storing fresh water, was very great. The United States vessels in the Pacific ports were conspicuous among other foreign men-of-war for their activity in transporting food to the ruined towns. The Lima papers have published semi-officially highly complimentary articles concerning the humane conduct of the commanders of the Wateree, Kearsarge and Nyack. The stores taken from the Wateree and distributed at Arica among the people will amount in value to $400,000.

Additional intelligence from the scene of the late earthquake is received. In Quito the stench arising from the unburied bodies is horrible. Some people were still being dug out of the ruins alive—one poor fellow among them having been entombed for six days along side of his wife's corpse.

The Spanish Revolution.—The rebels have been successful, the royal army defeated, and Queen Isabella and the members of the royal family who were with her at San Sebastian, crossed the frontier on Sept. 30th. She immediately proceeded to Bearretz, where the Queen had an interview with Napoleon and Eugenie, after which Queen Isabella and her family left for the Castle of Pau, which has been assigned as her residence, during her sojourn in France. It is reported that the Queen took with her all the crown jewels and royal regalia, together with twenty-three million reals in gold.

Who will be proclaimed king in her place is still doubtful. Some think that a Republic will be established, but that is improbable.

The "Boys in Blue" in Philadelphia.—The Convention gathered on Thursday of last week in Independence Square, where a mass meeting was held. The number present was estimated at from ten to twenty-five thousand. There was a parade on Friday morning, and a torchlight procession on Friday night. Delegations were present from Delaware, Maryland, Indiana, Illinois, New Jersey, New York, Massachusetts, and many parts of Pennsylvania. Among those present were Generals Burnside, Crawford, Kilpatrick, Sickels, Pleasanton, Negley, Bartlett, &c., with Governors Curtin, Salomons, Hawley, &c. Philadelphia presented quite a festive appearance during the Convention.

—A boy of sixteen, at Poughkeepsie, shot and killed his sister, a young lady of twenty, last Saturday. He playfully pointed a pistol at her, when it went off and killed her.

—The New York Sun says there is such a demand in that city for children for adoption, that even cripples and other unfortunates are not refused.

—Another war has broken out between the New York Central and Erie Railroads. Freight charges have been reduced, and shippers are rejoicing.

—It has been decided not to issue another warrant for Surratt's arrest, but to await the action of the Grand Jury.

—Attorney General Evarts has decided that the late one day's session of Congress was a continuance of the last session.

—The sign-boards put up at road crossings on the Pacific Railways are said to be: "Look out for the Indians."

—Queen Victoria is in her fiftieth year, and has nine children and thirteen grandchildren.

—A mountain of magnetic iron has been discovered in Lapland. It is sufficient to supply the world with magnets.

—At a ball at a German watering-place, one of the young men appeared in a full suit of light brown, large deep-blue shirt, scarlet necktie, green gloves, and yellow shoes.

—A train of ten cars was destroyed by an explosion of nitro-glycerine, near Urbanna, Ohio, recently. The engineer was seriously and the fireman slightly injured.

—General Gordon Granger has left Washington to take command in Tennessee—General Thomas being in Washington in a Court Martial case.

—Judge Henry Williams has been appointed by Governor Geary to the seat on the Supreme Bench of Pennsylvania, made vacant by Judge Strong's resignation. The appointment of Judge Williams was recommended by Judge Strong.

—General George B. McClellan arrived at New York in the steamship Cuba. He is to have a reception in Philadelphia, but will not take an active part in the political canvass.

—General B. F. Butler was renominated for Congress by the Republicans of the Fifth Massachusetts District. He received nearly a unanimous vote. The conservative Republicans, it is said, will nominate Richard H. Dana in opposition to him.

—The New York Tribune says the Democrats have carried Idaho by 862 majority. At the last election they had 718 majority.

—The municipality of Jastebecony, Austria, has issued the following decree: "Swearing and blaspheming being the real cause of earthquake, it is hereby forbidden to all whomsoever it be to swear or blaspheme, under penalty of receiving twenty-five lashes and being fined the sum of twenty-five florins." There must have been a great deal of swearing in South America recently, according to the above.

—The Spanish Minister at Washington, has officially notified the State Department of the downfall of Queen Isabella's Government.

—The supporters of George Francis Train have nominated him for Congress in the Fifth New York District. His election would be a national nuisance.

—From all parts of the country an enormous amount of "naturalization" is reported. The political committees are hard at work getting foreigners made into citizens. The cheating by the corrupt of both parties this election, promises to be unexampled.

—The new Board of Police Commissioners of New Orleans has been inaugurated. The Board comprises three whites and two negroes.

—General Hancock is ill at Carondolet, Ohio, from the reopening of his wound received at Gettysburg.

—The bill making negroes ineligible to office has been defeated in the Georgia House of Representatives. The common carrier bill, previously defeated in the Senate, has also been lost in the House.

—The Oregon Legislature has just organized. It has four Democratic majority in the Senate, and seven in the House. The first business was the introduction of a resolution for the repeal of the fourteenth amendment to the Constitution.

—A man in Massachusetts has lost the sight of an eye from being bitten by a spider.

—Charles Sumner's physician has prohibited him from making speeches.

—An individual in Maine has been indited as a common nuisance, for stirring up perpetual strife among his neighbors.

—Two weeks ago it was said that Jeff. Davis *would* be tried; one week ago that he *wouldn't*; now the correspondents deny both statements, and say they know nothing (as they usually do) on the subject.

—Hon. N. P. Banks has been renominated for Congress by the Republicans in Massachusetts.

—The English Cricketers.—The English cricketers beat the American 22 at Boston very badly. Afterwards a base ball match between the English cricketers and nine players of the Trimountain, Harvard and Lowell Clubs, resulted in the defeat of the Englishmen by a score of 21 to 4. The weather was very cold and windy. The Englishmen now come to Philadelphia.

Trial Trip of the First Locomotive.

Major Horatio Allen, the engineer of the New York and Erie Railroad, gives the following account of the first trip made by a locomotive on this continent:

When was it? Who was it? And who awakened its energies and directed its movements? It was in the year 1828, on the banks of the Lackawaxen, Penna., at the commencement of the railroads connecting the canal of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company with their coal mines—and he who addresses you was the only person on that locomotive. The circumstances which led to my being alone on the road were these: The road had been built in the summer; the structure was of hemlock timber, and rails of large dimensions notched on caps placed far apart. The timber had cracked and warped from exposure to the sun. After about 300 feet of straight line, the road crossed the Lackawaxen Creek on trestle-work about 30 feet high, with a curve of 355 to 400 feet radius. The impression was very general that the iron monster would either break down the road, or it would leave the track at the curve and plunge into the creek.

My reply to such apprehensions was that it was too late to consider the probability of such occurrences; there was no other course than to have a trial made of the strange animal, which had been brought here at a great expense; but that it was not necessary that more than one should be involved in its fate; that I would take the first ride alone, and the time would come when I should look back to the incident with great interest.

As I placed my hand on the throttle-valve handle, I was undecided whether I would move slowly or with a fair degree of speed; but believing that the road would prove safe, and preferring, if we did go down, to go handsomely, and without any evidence of timidity, I started with considerable velocity, passed the curve over the creek safely, and was soon out of hearing of the vast assemblage. At the end of two or three miles I reversed the valve and returned without accident, having thus made the first railroad trip by locomotive on the Western Hemisphere.

☞ A man in New York lives with his fifth wife and five mothers-in-law, all in one house.

☞ M. Nedoma, a journalist in Prague, is sentenced to fifteen months' imprisonment. One day in each week is to be passed in the dark cell, and on two others he is to have nothing to eat. What a blessed thing it is to be a European editor.

☞ Some one in the interior of New York claims to have captured the champion mosquito. It is four and three-eighths inches in length. Twelve dollars has been refused for it.

☞ People who go to Nahant, nowadays, fail to see rocky point. It has become private property, and is shut in by a high fence; a matter that gives no little offence to those who were wont to look out upon the raging ocean from the big rocks.

☞ An inquirer, puzzled by the English law on the subject of second marriages, asks if a man can legally marry the sister of his widow.

☞ In fourteen races in which paper boats have been used this year, they have won eleven.

☞ Sun-dried oysters, cured like beef by hanging in the sun, are becoming an important article of traffic in California.

☞ An irreverent itemizer, speaking of Hole-in-the-Day's son, alludes to the old gentleman as "the paternal aperture."

☞ A laborer in an ice-house was killed by a large lump of ice falling on his head. Verdict of the jury, died of hard drink.

☞ Nobody is responsible for the Grecian bend. They who practise it do so on their own hook; or, as the expression has been etheralized, on their personal curve.

☞ A lady whose family were very much in the habit of making conundrums was one evening asked by her husband in an excited tone: "Why are all these doors left open?" "I give it up!" instantly replied the wife.

☞ It is stated that there are 306 religious newspapers and other periodicals published in the United States. Of these 60 are set down as Baptist, 54 Methodist, 30 Presbyterian, 29 Lutheran, 26 Episcopal, 24 Catholic, 16 Congregational, 11 Universalist, and the remainder scattered among the smaller societies.

☞ The Princess Louise, Queen Victoria's fifth daughter, is a beautiful girl, fair, tall, and graceful as a lily, with well-cut features, a pensive cast of countenance, and blue German eyes. Her walk is singularly *distingue*.

GIVING THE DEVIL HIS DUE.

Said Tipsy John to his railing wife,
As, staggering home at night,
O'ercome by the might of beer and gin,
He came in a woful plight;
"Don't be so hard in your charges, love,
I'm a little to blame, 'tis true,
But give the devil his due, my love,
Oh, give the devil his due."

His helpmate gazed on his wavering form,
As vainly he essayed
To retain his seat in a treacherous chair,
And readily answer made:
"To give the devil his due, my love,
Is perfectly right, 'tis true,
But what would become of you, my love,
Oh, what would become of you?"

Drug Stores on Wheels.

A party from Frankfort went down to Louisville to see Zoraster last week. After the close of the theatre they took a look at the elephant generally. While standing on the corner of Walnut and Hancock streets, conferring about the wonders of Louisville, a street car with colored lights came in sight.

"George," said one of them to his mate, "let us go right home in the morning."

"What makes you in such a hurry, Jim?"

"It's too sickly here. Do you see those red and blue lights coming up the street?"

"Yes, I see them, but what of that?"

"Why, darn my cats if I am going to stay in a place that is so sickly that they have to haul their drug stores around on wheels."

Jim left for Frankfort in the morning.

☞ An old man, whose sight was defective and who had to use glasses, was reading a newspaper on the train between Wheeling, Virginia, and Washington, a few days ago. When the cars reached the first tunnel the quick disappearance of the light caused him to look up. Taking off his spectacles and wiping them, he replaced them and again tried to read. Perceiving that all was dark, he dropped both paper and spectacles, exclaiming in a loud voice, "My God, I'm blind, I'm blind!" This aroused the passengers, and it was a long time before he could be convinced what was the matter. On coming again to the light, he thanked God fervently for his sight.

☞ A physician was called to a man in this city yesterday, and on being asked if he hadn't taken something strange into his stomach, replied that he believed he had—"it must have been that glass of water. Haven't been so imprudent, doctor, for ten years."

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—There has been more doing; sales 12,000 bbls at $5,50@7,75 for superfine; $8@8,75 for extra; $9@9,50 for new spring wheat extra family; $9,50@10 for old spring wheat family; $9,25@10,75 for Penna extra family; $10@11 ₱ bbl for Ohio family, and $11,50@13,50 for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour sells at $9@9,50 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—Prime Wheat continues scarce; 20,000 bus of Penna, Western and Southern red sold at $2,25@2,25 for prime; $2,15@2,25 for fair to good, and $1,90@2,10 for common; 5000 bus of white sold at $2,40@2,55 ₱ bus, according to quality, and 7000 bus of Western and Southern amber at $2,30@2,35 ₱ bus, the latter rate for very choice Delaware. Rye—5000 bus sold at $1,60@1,65 for Western and Penna and $1,35@1,40 ₱ bus for Delaware. Corn—About 40,000 bus sold at $1,25@1,27 for Western mixed, and $1,25@1,28 for yellow. Oats—23,000 bus sold at 72@77c for prime Penna and Western, and 50@57c ₱ bus for Southern.

PROVISIONS—The market continues quiet; sales of Mess Pork at $30@30,25. Mess Beef sells at $28@24 for city packed. Bacon: sales of plain and fancy canvassed Hams at 18@20c; Excelsior Hams at 22c; Sides at 17@17¼c; Shoulders at 13½c. Green Meats; sales of pickled Hams at 15c, and Shoulders at 12½@12¾c. Lard; sales of 550 bbls and tcs Western at 19½@20c for steam and kettle rendered. Butter; sales of solid packed at 25@34c, and prime Western and Penna at 28@45c. Cheese; sales of prime factory at 17½@18c. Eggs sell at 29@31c per dozen.

COTTON—The market has been quiet. Sales of 700 bales at 26@27c for Middling Uplands, and 27@28c for New Orleans.

FRUIT—Green Apples sell at $3@5 ₱ bbl. —Dried Fruit—Sales of Apples at 11@12c, Peaches at 17@17½c for halves, 13@14c for quarters, and 25@30c ₱ ℔ for pared.

IRON—Pig Metal is held firmly. Sales of No 1 Foundry at $42, and No 2 at $38,50. Scotch Pig at $43@44 ₱ ton. Manufactured Iron commands $65@87 for bars.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2900 head. The prices realized from 8½@9 cts ₱ ℔. 100 Cows brought from $30 to 80 ₱ head. Sheep—12,000 head were disposed of at from 4½@5½c ₱ ℔. 3500 Hogs sold at from $14,00 to 15,00 ₱ 100 ℔s.

Asthma?—*Jonas Whitcomb's Remedy!*—Prepared from a German recipe, obtained by the late Jonas Whitcomb, in Europe. It is well known to have alleviated this disorder in his case, when all other appliances of medical skill had been abandoned by him in despair. In no case of purely asthmatic character, has it failed to give immediate relief, and it has effected many permanent cures.

Hunt's Court Toilet Powder is superior to any other for whitening the skin. It does not rub off or injure the complexion. No lady should be without this justly celebrated requisite for the toilet. The sale for the last eight years has been unparalleled. Price 50 cents. Sold everywhere. T. W. Evans, Perfumer, 41 South Eighth St., Philadelphia. sep26-1y

Hunt's Bloom of Roses.

A delicate color for the cheeks or lips, does not wash off, and warranted not to injure the skin, can only be removed with vinegar, and cannot be detected with a microscope. It remains permanent for years, and can in no manner be discovered from the natural flush of health, and excites universal admiration. Price $1. Sent by mail for $1.18. T. W. Evans, Perfumer, 41 South Eighth St., Philadelphia. sep26-1y

B. T. Babbitt's Articles of Every Day Use.
Family and *Toilet Soaps*. The very best.
Soap Powder. The great labor-saving compound.
Concentrated Potash. The ready soapmaker.
Saleratus, warranted *pure* and *unadulterated*.
Super Carb. Soda and *Star Yeast Powder* of superior quality.
Lion Coffee, guaranteed pure, and in flavor unsurpassed.
For sale by Henry C. Kellogg, Agent at Philadelphia, and at the manufactory, Nos. 64, 63, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 72 and 74 Washington street, and 43 and 44 West street, New York. B. T. Babbitt. feb22-1y

Wanted—
A special State agent by the *Berkshire Life Ins. Co.* None but those having the proper qualifications need apply. See advertisement on page 7.
W. H. Graves,
sep26 3t 329 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

Magnetic Healing Institute and Conservatory of Spiritual Science, No. 17 Great Jones street, New York. All diseases, including Cancer and Consumption, cured. Consultations on all subjects. oct3-3m

The Howen Microscope,
Magnifying 500 *times*, *mailed* for 50 Cents. Three *for* $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN, Box 220, Boston, Mass. je27-tf

Dr. Radway's Pills (Coated) Are Infallible as a Purgative and Purifier of the Blood.

Bile.
Bile in the Stomach can be suddenly eliminated by one dose of the Pills—say from four to six in number. When the Liver is in a torpid state, when species of acrid matter from the blood or a serous fluid should be overcome, nothing can be better than Radway's Regulating Pills. They give no unpleasant or unexpected shock to any portion of the system; they purge easily, are mild in operation, and, when taken, are perfectly tasteless, being elegantly coated with gum. They contain nothing but purely vegetable properties, and are considered by high authority the best and finest purgative known. They are recommended for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Nervous Diseases, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and symptoms resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs Price, 25 cts. per box. Sold by Druggists.
mar16-eow-tf

Fits! Fits! Fits! Fits
Hance's Epileptic Pills.
Persons laboring under this distressing malady, will find the *Vegetable Epileptic Pills* to be the only remedy ever discovered for curing
Epilepsy, or Falling Fits.
Is there a Cure for Epilepsy?
The Subjoined will Answer.
Grenada, Miss., June 10—*Seth S. Hance:*—Dear Sir: You will find enclosed five dollars, which I send you for two boxes of your Epileptic Pills.
I was the first person who tried your Pills in this part of the country. My son was badly afflicted with fits for two years. I wrote and received two boxes of your Pills, which he took agreeably to your directions. *He has never had a fit since.*
It was through my persuasion that Mr. Lyon tried your Pills. His case was a very bad one; he had fits nearly all his life, or at least a good many years. Persons have written to me from Alabama and Tennessee on the subject, for the purpose of ascertaining my opinion in regard to your Pills. I have always recommended them, and in no instance where I have had a chance of hearing from their effect have they failed to cure. Yours, &c. C. H. Guy,
Grenada, Yalabusha county, Miss.
Sent to any part of the country, by mail, free of postage, on receipt of a remittance. Address Seth S. Hance, 108 Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md.—Price, box, $3; 2, $5; 12, $27. Cut this out.
aug1-eow1tf

"How Chilly the Evenings in October!"
This is a common remark, yet how few think of the danger of exposing themselves to their influence? In all low, marshy localities Ague and Fever prevail at this season of the year. In this disease there is invariably more or less derangement of the liver and digestive organs. The remedies usually resorted to have reference to preventing the paroxysm or breaking up the chills. If this is effected without removing the cause, a relapse is inevitable. HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS strike directly at the foundation of the evil, by acting on the liver and correcting digestion. The cause being removed, the paroxysm will cease, and the chills cannot return. When the patient is weak and debilitated, the BITTERS should be resorted to, as they will strengthen and tone the stomach, allay all nervous irritation, and infuse renewed animation into the hitherto drooping spirits, without entailing the danger of reaction.
HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS is truly a preventive medicine, rendering even the feeblest frame impervious to all malarious influences; and, as a stomachic and anti-bilious medicine it is incomparable, and no one who values his health can afford to do without it. Fortify the system with this inestimable tonic and invigorant, and the "Chills of October Evenings" will have no terror for you. oct3-3t

Holloway's Pills and Ointment.—The safest medicines in existence; the Pills are a sure cure for Dyspepsia, Fever and Ague, and all complaints of the stomach and bowels, while the Ointment never fails in Salt Rheum or other Scrofula diseases.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 17th of Sept., by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. Henry Lahway to Mrs. Mary A. Earley, both of this city.
On the 10th of May, by the Rev. William T. Eva, Mr. William T. Lindeman to Miss Sallie Fisher, both of this city.
On the 18th of June, by the Rev. Andw. Manship, John H. Mann, of Schoharie, N. Y., to Miss Mary L. Coleman, of Woodstown, N. J.
On the 27th of Sept., by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. Robert O'Neill to Miss Sophia Holmes, both of this city.
On the 24th of Sept., by the Rev. A. Culver, Mr. Charles Hinkle, of Hinkletown, Bucks county, Pa., to Miss Rachel W. Hunter, of this city.
On the 21st of Sept., by the Rev. Saml. Durborow, Mr. Francis S. Bernard to Miss Beckie J. R. Steever, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Yankee Hill, Butte Co., California, on the 27th of August last, William H. H. Thomas, in the 54th year of his age.
On the 22th of Sept., Mrs. Elizabeth Waters, in her 23d year.
On the 29th of Sept., Mr. Richard Davers, in his 41st year.
On the 28th of Sept., Charles H. Grafpen, in his 35th year.
On the 28th of Sept., Mr. John Knox, Printer.
On the 27th of Sept., Richard W., son of Mary and the late Morris Pearson, in his 26th year.
On the 27th of Sept., Robert P. King, in his 54th year.
On the 26th of Sept., Elizabeth Montgomery, in her 18th year.
On the 20th of Sept., Alexander Hill, in his 66th year.
On the 25th of Sept., Catharine M. Garrett.

PRINCE & COS.
AUTOMATIC ORGANS AND MELODEONS.
Forty thousand are now in use
BUFFALO, N.Y. CHICAGO, ILL.
je6-6m

Agents wanted.—"Magic Drawing Sheets." Price 10 cents. Three for 25 cents. Address A. BARBER & BRO., Port Byron, Ills. sep26-6m

Photographs of Grant and Colfax 15 cents, Seymour and Blair 15 cents, or the 4 mailed for 20 cents. Address BLAKIE & CO., 746 Broadway, New York. sep19-4t

Ladies and Gentlemen employed. Picture business. Very profitable. No risk. Seventeen specimen Pictures and Catalogues sent for 20 cents, twice as many 50 cts. MANSON LANG 94 Columbia St., New York City. my30-6m

MAKING TATTING.

Chin dimpled; dewy, crimson lips;
Dark lashes shading eyes of blue,
As 'twixt the rosy finger-tips
The ivory shuttle swiftly flew;
And I reclining, book in hand,
All innocent of craft or guile,
Seemed deep in rhymes of foreign land,
But studied her sweet face the while.

I followed as the mazy thread
Twined in and out and back again.
Faster the nimble fingers sped,
Till watching them was almost pain—
Till, half abashed upon her throne,
My queen puts on her shyest smile,
And murmured in the softest tone:
"Sir poet, read to me awhile."

And so I read; and thus it ran—
"True passion scorns deceit or art!
I hold him coward, and no man,
Who shuts his love up in his heart.
Unseen, unsought, the blossom dies
That might have flowered in the sun;
And deep in many a maiden's eyes
Lies victory, waiting to be won."

And so I read, with furtive glance
Upstealing softly now and then—
Half daring there to risk my chance,
Nor be a coward among men;
Till conscious grew her speaking face,
Dark lashes veiling all the blue;
While in and out, with swiftest pace,
The busy, tireless shuttle flew.

With sudden thought I flung the book
Far out upon the sloping lawn,
Marking the while her troubled look,
Then spoke, half prescient of the dawn:
"I hold him craven, too; no man—
Not better than a fool or clown—
Who fears to utter when he can
What only coward souls keep down.

"You sit before me all day long,
As bright and happy as a bird;
You thrill me with your tender song,
Then chill me with a careless word.
You think, perhaps, to keep me near,
Or throw me, as it suits, away;—
I tell you that the time is here
When I must hold or lose for aye.

"Downcast those lashes as you may,
(She lifted them in mute surprise,)
The only book I read to-day
Lies in your heart and in your eyes."
A quiver of the parted lips;
The tatting lay upon the floor;
And 'twixt the rosy finger-tips
The idle shuttle flew no more.

Behind me labyrinthine ways
Have closed their mazes evermore;
Mine age the glorious summer days,
And love's fruition walks before.
The purest, holiest hopes of life
In sheltered havens softly ride,
And I am happy; for my wife
Sits making tatting by my side.

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT,
AUTHOR OF "HOW A WOMAN HAD HER WAY," "THE DEAD MAN'S RULE," &c.

The clergyman, having saluted the bride and received a magnificent offering from the baronet, remained to witness the will which the other gentleman, who was the baronet's solicitor, now drew up; and when it was completed and Sir Francis's signature affixed, the lawyer pocketed his fee and went away with the clergyman, leaving Geralda sitting by her husband's side, bewildered by her sudden change of fortune and identity.

Ernestine, still standing behind Geralda's chair, was looking impatiently towards her father, and Sir Francis had turned his head towards his wife, as if about to speak, when the door opened, and Ernestine said, with a little laugh, "Why, here is Aunt Flora!"

The lady, a tall, handsome woman, though somewhat thin-visaged, paused, after having crossed the threshold, seeing with manifest surprise the grouping of those in the room, and looking with evident suspicion at the golden-haired, bloom-cheeked woman in the great chair by her brother's bed-side.

"Dear Aunt Flora," cried Ernestine, sweeping towards her, her jewels flaming out wickedly through the gloom, "let me introduce you to a new member of our family. *Lady Chalcedon*, Miss Chalcedon."

Flora drew up her tall figure in indignant horror, but something in the beautiful, high-bred face before her, and the proud inclination of the small, bright-tressed head, which was so correctly poised upon the long, slender throat, made her bow with *politeness* at least, to the wearer of a coarse gray dress, under which there was no shadow of crinoline.

"I am *surprised*," said she, slowly, and with an accent which implied, "and all my ideas of decorum are outraged."

"I thought you would be," said Sir Francis, while Geralda quietly sat down again.

"Now I think of it, it looks very much as if I had been *sent* away to allow for the perpetration of this action."

"It *does* look very much like that," said the baronet, languidly.

Flora's black eyes flashed. "I suppose you were so overcome by the ordeal, that you were obliged to take to your bed?"

"I—I have been sick," said Sir Francis, moving uneasily.

"I don't believe it. You were as well as a pig three days since."

"Anger always makes you coarse, Flora. If I *am* sick, *you* will not be obliged to take care of me."

"Sir Francis has been—*is* dangerously ill," interposed Geralda.

Flora looked at her intently, and then said, "Will your ladyship and my niece allow me a few minutes' private conversation with my brother?"

"Certainly," said Geralda; and, as they left the room, Sir Francis looked at Ernestine and shook his head, then turned desperately towards his sister, who approached him with a precipitation of movement and expression of face which reminded him strongly of Lady Macbeth when resolved upon the murder of the king.

"There is some foolery under all this," said she, in a suppressed tone. "What is it? Who is this person whom you have made Lady Chalcedon?"

"A very beautiful woman, as you can see for yourself."

Flora made an impatient gesture with her thin, handsome hand.

"Beauty is not sufficient in a Lady Chalcedon."

"I can assure you that she has more brains in her little finger than you have in your whole head."

"Is she of good family?"

"Really, you must ask herself. *I* am satisfied with the beauty and the brains. And when you ask her that question, tell her from me that although I was dying when I married her, I am perfectly well now." And the baronet threw off the bed-covering, showing that he was completely dressed, with the exception of his coat.

"So then you had to represent yourself as dying to gain her consent to marry you?"

"Even so."

"She was an unattainable treasure, then?"

"Scorned me as if I had been a blind beggar, by Jove!"

"I do not understand it."

"Ask her," said the baronet, chuckling, partly with pleasure at the thought that he had secured an ambassador to arrange an unpleasant affair, and partly in anticipation of the warm reception his sister's question and information would procure for her from the opposite party.

Ernestine was standing on one side of the fire-place and Geralda on the other, when Miss Chalcedon's quick steps echoed through the corridor, and she entered the room with flushed cheeks and ominous eyes. Ernestine withdrew a step, and Geralda stood a little more erect than usual, and received her with a haughtiness of bearing which almost convinced Flora that her new sister was a person of some distinction.

"I am charged with a message to you, Lady Chalcedon. My brother wishes me to tell you that though dying when he was married to you, he is now as well as ever he was in his life."

Geralda looked at her without speaking. She was stunned. Then there flashed through her mind like lightning the recollection of Ernestine's insuendoes with regard to St. George, and she saw that she had been tricked, lured to her fate by her lover's hand, indissolubly bound by the chains of iron which she had thought so soon to shake off for wreaths of bridal roses. She felt her hands and feet grow cold, the blood seemed to chill in her veins, and a mist to arise before her, and through this mist she saw Ernestine's face, with sparkling eyes and lips parted in a triumphant smile. This smile enabled her to keep from fainting. She would disappoint their malice and their triumph. The blood which had been frightened from her heart returned to it and rose again to her face, and she said calmly to Miss Chalcedon, "It seems that I have wrought a miracle."

Ernestine ceased smiling, and opened her eyes in amazement.

"You have something else to say, have you not?" said Geralda, addressing Miss Chalcedon.

"Something on my own account," said Flora, with emphasis. "I wish to ask what was my new sister's name *before marriage?*"

"You must apply to your brother, then," said Geralda. "*I* am *Lady Chalcedon*, and know nothing of any woman with whom my husband may have been acquainted before our marriage." She then touched the bell, which was answered by Ernestine's maid. "I am Lady Chalcedon, and I wish to be shown to my apartments," said Geralda.

The girl looked at Ernestine, who said, "Do you not hear? The new suite;" and courtesying respectfully, she said, "This way, if you please, my lady," and led the way to a door which she opened, and Geralda went into the superb range of apartments that had been prepared for her reception, and which consisted of a parlor, two dressing-rooms and a bed-room, snowy with bridal white, and radiant with frescoing, gilding, mirrors and paintings, besides the most luxurious furniture that could be found in Paris.

Geralda staggered rather than walked to a mirror, where she surveyed herself, as if doubtful of her identity, and then, with a cry of hopeless misery, sank in a despairing heap on one of the rich couches, burying her fair face and bright head in the yielding velvet of its covering.

How long she remained thus, yielding to an agony which expressed itself neither in sighs nor tears, she was not aware until a small French clock in her dressing-room struck the hour before dinner. She raised her head and finally her whole weary self from the place where she had sunk down, and looked around her. The door of a wardrobe stood invitingly open—it was filled with elegant dresses of every description, and she found in her exquisitely carved bureaus a complete assortment of linen, every article a miracle of embroidery, and trimmings of costly lace. In fact, there was a complete bridal trousseau, including all the jewels which had formerly belonged to her, and which were arranged in their different caskets on her dressing-table. She had never possessed any diamonds, but she now found a set of extreme beauty and brilliancy, tiara, corselet, bracelets, brooch and earrings, displayed on the purple velvet linings of their cases, and labelled a bridal gift from her husband. She did not touch them, but looked at herself in the mirror which reflected and multiplied their starry scintillations. Her eyes were heavy and burning, her lips scarlet and parched, and her face of a deadly whiteness, with the exception of a vermilion spot on either cheek.

"I have too many enemies to face to allow this," she said, and pulling down the thick locks of her hair, began to arrange it with exquisite neatness, and yet in a manner which produced a most becoming and fanciful effect. Then, having bathed her face in ice-cold water mingled with Cologne, she selected a rich dinner-dress from the wardrobe and began to attire herself.

Although she had begun with the intention to battle by her calm magnificence the spite and malicious curiosity of her husband's sister and daughter, she finished, for she was a woman and had dressed like a fright for three years and a half, by taking some little interest in seeing how dazzling she grew under her own skillful hands, and by the judicious arrangement of her costly accessories. When she had finished dressing, she heard a timid knock at the parlor door and hastened to seat herself before saying "Come in."

The door opened and Sir Francis presented himself, with very much the air of a criminal approaching the gallows. He informed her that dinner was ready, and offered his arm. She arose, without even looking at him, and passed before him into the dining-room.

Lady England and Miss Chalcedon stared at her in silent wonder as she sat there in the haughty magnificence of her splendid beauty and the rich dress which it so well became, but Sir Francis felt that he might as well have married a woman of ice, for as sparkling and as cold in the pomp of her rebellious beauty and the frozen stillness of her look and bearing was Geralda, Lady Chalcedon.

CHAPTER IV.

The next day the Morning Post announced "the departure of Sir Francis and Lady Chalcedon for their country-seat in ——shire, where they would celebrate the Christmas festivities with a choice circle of friends," etc., etc.

This announcement directly followed the notice of the baronet's marriage in the columns of the Post, both being items of fashionable intelligence, and the fashionable world eagerly inquired whom he had married, and when and where the ceremony had taken place, and was even inclined to doubt the legality of an aristocratic alliance which had been entered into outside the limits of St. George's, Hanover Square.

The "choice circle of friends" assembled at Chalcedon, consisted solely of Sir Edric and Lady England and Flora Chalcedon, and these were now assembled in the long drawing-room, where Flora and Ernestine were withdrawn into a corner, with their heads bent together over a collection of patterns, while Sir Francis was enjoying an after-dinner nap, and Sir Edric, holding a newspaper before his face, was watching my lady, who was standing at one of the windows watching the falling snow. Her bright hair, her bloom, the rich coloring of her dress, and the glow and brilliancy of the jewels on her taper wrists and dimpled fingers, in the soft lace at her throat and her dainty ears, made a gorgeous picture, outlined as it was against the pure whiteness of the landscape, and with stray gleams of firelight falling on a glittering curl, the purple sheen of a fold of her dress, or the royal amethysts she wore.

Since her arrival at Chalcedon she had received innumerable calls from the neighboring families, but had chosen to be invisible to every one, so that each person who asked "Have you seen Lady Chalcedon?" received a negative reply.

The most astonishing reports were circulated as to her origin. She was an Italian opera-singer, an East Indian heiress, a French actress, the daughter of a German prince, and Sir Francis had formed her acquaintance by climbing into a window of the convent where she was being educated. Ernestine, when questioned, invariably replied that she was an English woman whom her father had met abroad. Not even to her husband or to Flora would she give any other explanation, and they supposed that this was all she knew. Her father had purchased her adoption of this version of his acquaintance with Geralda, with a beautiful set of rubies, which she was intending to wear to a great dinner-party on the following day—a party which was to be given for Lady Chalcedon, and her hoped-for presence at which had excited considerable expectation.

The snow fell faster and faster, its plumy down whirling in a thousand fantastic shapes under the influence of a light wind, whitening the lawn, changing the piping Faun and melancholy Nymphs that gleamed whitely against the dark belt of pines into *tall obelisks; melting in the chilly spray of* the fountains, lying in soft, feathery piles on the shining laurel, impaling itself on the thorny leaves of the holly, and clinging to the brown stems that bore the scarlet berries, covering every bough and knot and twig of the leafless trees with purest white, until they looked like delicate lace-work; and my lady still stood with her face turned to the sky, until all was dark without. When the chandeliers were lighted she started out of the black back-ground like a splendid picture from its frame. Sir Francis now awoke, yawned, rubbed his eyes and asked her ladyship what she saw out there to interest her so much.

"Something which I do not see within," she replied, leaving the window, and sinking carelessly into a chair, whose covering of amber satin admirably contrasted with her purple robe.

"This furniture and these hangings were intended for a black-haired person," said her ladyship. "They must be changed, Sir Francis, before any one sees *me* in this room."

"As you please, my love," said the baronet.

Ernestine's eyes flashed, and her cheeks glowed angrily. They had been chosen with reference to herself, and were very becoming.

"I will have crimson velvet," continued her ladyship. "Crimson is a nice winter color, and suits me admirably."

"I will write to Bangsee to-morrow," said Sir Francis. "He will bring up his men immediately, and the room will be ready by the end of the week."

"Of course the carpets will have to be changed also. This dark ground is detestable. I must have white, with a crimson border, in the Greek pattern."

"So stiff!" murmured Ernestine.

"We are not speaking of furnishing *your* room," said my lady.

"Her impertinence is intolerable," Lady England murmured to her aunt, "and papa is absolutely imbecile in his submission," and she glared furiously at her step-mother, who was indolently fanning herself, her white arm gleaming, stained with the purple reflection of her jewels, and her little foot keeping time to some unheard tune as it peered from the voluminous folds of her satin skirt.

"He acts like a fool," responded Flora, her firm, white teeth closing with a snap, as if they had been a guillotine for my lady's slender throat. "Now, just see Edric look at her."

Ernestine *did* see, and her dark face grew darker with jealousy and ire, while Sir Edric unconsciously sunned himself in the radiance of his charming mother-in-law's beauty, unwitting of the curtain lecture preparing for him in the mind of his gentle wife.

"Isn't it strange that she should refuse to see any one?" asked Flora?

"Oh! it is one of her whims."

"Oh! *does* she have whims?"

"Hasn't she had twenty since she came to this house?" said Ernestine, who was not to be drawn into admissions of past acquaintanceship.

When her ladyship had seated herself, Sir Edric began to make gradual approaches to her part of the room, without appearing to have any particular design in tossing over the books and papers on the different tables, or examining the choice photographs and engravings in the piles of embossed and gilded covers. Having at last reached her, he challenged her to a game of chess, a challenge which she accepted, partly to while away the weary hours of the long evening, partly because she could perceive Ernestine's jealousy, and it was her intention in every way to provoke and aggravate those who had leagued together to bind her in her present chains.

Sir Edric had a way of addressing her that was peculiarly distasteful to his wife. "Beautiful mamma," "Dearest mamma," sometimes "Darling mamma," were the titles which he applied to her, and, when making use of them, he generally emphasized the adjective very strongly. It was very innocent, but very disagreeable to his "other self," when the youth and beauty of her step-mother were taken into consideration. Very provoking was it to witness the play of her ladyship's beautiful hands and fine eyes in the game, and to see that they attracted much more attention from Sir Edric than his white chessmen, ranged against my lady's sanguinary-hued, opposing forces. Sir Edric always insisted that she should play with the red men, because *they contrasted so prettily with her white hands.* They were of red cornelian, carved in the shapes appropriate to their designations, and having small brilliants inserted for their eyes, their crowns, mitres, helmets and coats of mail sparkling with the same stones.

Sir Edric and my lady had a way of holding half-whispered conversations over their games, the subjects of their talk being the game, a book, a picture, or a favorite singer. But as the pieces lay idle on the board, and elbows rested on it, my lady leaning one cheek upon her hand, and Sir Edric with his chin in his palm, bringing the two young faces into closer proximity, while the words they spoke were inaudible to any but themselves, Ernestine, after suffering indescribable tortures would seat herself by them, ostensibly to watch the game, and her husband, provoked by her jealous assiduity, would have no eyes nor ears for any one but Lady Chalcedon, who would return his glances, and murmur pretty nothings in her rich voice, with rippling interludes of low-toned laughter, until Ernestine would rush to her own room to hide her tears of rage. Then my lady would pronounce herself weary of the game, and retire to a lounging-chair and a book.

Ernestine had tried, in an underhanded way to excite her father's jealousy, but Sir Francis was so confident in himself, as the handsomest and most delightful of men, and had such a perfect recollection of his wife's former affection for him, which he did not doubt his numerous fascinations would re-inspire in her breast with double force, that he could not be made to feel the slightest uneasiness, not even when Sir Edric, the following day, as the ladies were going to their rooms to dress for the dinner-party, stopped her ladyship to beg her not to make herself too dazzling, or all the other women would hate her mortally.

My lady smiled, and passed him with a saucy courtesy which became her, as did all her various moods and motions—and Sir Edric, following her with a handkerchief which she had dropped, kissed the hand that took it with more than filial warmth. On arriving at Wimbledon Manor-House, the ladies from Chalcedon were shown into an elegant dressing-room furnished entirely in white as a compliment to the bride, and which was appropriated to their use alone. Here, Ernestine removing her wraps, showed *herself resplendent in her rubies and white moire-antique*, draped with point-alencon, while Miss Chalcedon looked very handsome in purple satin and pearls.

Ernestine, having superintended the shaking out of the folds of her superb dress by a kneeling attendant, turned to criticise my lady's costume, and observed with horror that she wore the very gray dress in which she had left the Welsh mountains, and under its folds no crinoline at all.

"Good heavens!" she ejaculated, recoiling in dismay, while the attendants looked in polite astonishment.

"Did a pin prick you?" inquired her ladyship, adjusting her linen cuffs.

"What *are* you thinking of?" asked Flora, flying to the rescue with a face pale with horror.

"Of eating my dinner," said my lady. "I'm awfully hungry. Aren't you?"

Flora turned an eye of anguish on the attendants who were smiling at this naive admission.

"I would advise your ladyship," said she, "to send back directly for a suitable dress and ornaments, and we will wait until you are dressed."

"Why, this is the dress I was married in! I thought people always wore their wedding-dresses to the first party given for them."

The attendants giggled simultaneously.

"Send for Sir Francis," cried Flora, in despair.

Sir Francis having been sent for, Flora went out to meet him, that she might not be obliged to make explanations before the servants.

"Oh, dear! this comes of marrying nobody knows who," was her very intelligible reply to his query of "What is the matter?"

"You've done it at last then?" said the baronet, buttoning his left hand glove with tender care.

"What?"

"Or rather you have continued to do what you have always done, that is to *marry nobody*," and Sir Francis stroked his moustache, looking slyly at his sister, and chuckling over his wit.

"I think, instead of making stupid jokes with no point to them, you had better go in and prevail upon your wife to metamorphose herself into a lady."

"Having failed with my sister—you remember Lord Farringdon, Flo?—I think I will let my wife remain the charming original she now is."

"I hope you'll keep her to yourself, then, and not let her disgrace the rest of us," said Flora, walking away with superb scorn.

Sir Francis followed her into the room, and was as much astonished as she could have desired by her ladyship's costume.

"Really, my lady—" he began.

"Really, Sir Francis," interrupted her ladyship, "I have been waiting an absurd length of time for your escort. I hope Mrs. Mortshaw will not think that we have all gone to sleep;" and before Sir Francis could collect his scattered senses, she had taken his arm, and they were in the elegant, well-lighted drawing-rooms, and Ernestine and Flora, who had followed, on Sir Edric's arm, shivered, as they saw the gray dress glide between robes of velvet, silk, and tulle, towards the hostess, whose perfect breeding repressed even a shade of surprise in the graceful greeting which she accorded to its wearer. But Flora and Ernestine, like the Lady Godiva, felt *light horrors shoot through their pulses*, as they marked all eyes turn curiously towards Lady Chalcedon, and heard a low murmur run through the immediate circle around Mrs. Mortshaw.

"The convent-story must have been true," said a young sprig of nobility, whose eye-glass kindly concealed *one* of his lack-lustre eyes, "and the fair bride favors us with the conventual costume."

"Wouldn't it have been nice if Sir Francis had come as a monk?" said one of his feminine admirers.

"Haw—if he isn't dressed like a monk—I imagine he feels like a monkey," returned the sprig, and was rewarded with—

"Oh, you funny man!"

Poor Sir Francis, who was usually delightfully urbane, and magnificently courteous in society, felt as if under the influence of a nightmare, with that dreadful solecism hanging on his arm, and calling itself Lady Chalcedon—when he had intended to introduce to an admiring world a goddess, rising like Venus from a foam of lace, and with diamonds shining on her neck and hair, as the bright sea-drops sparkled on the long tresses and white shoulders of Aphrodite.

"Isn't it dreadful?" said Ernestine.

Geralda was being introduced to the only countess in the room, a woman who was considered to be a criterion in all matters of taste and elegance.

"What?" said Sir Edric, absently.

"That that woman should make such a figure of herself."

"Why I thought all you ladies considered her infallible."

"Considered *whom* infallible?"

"Lady Farringdon."

"I'm speaking of Lady Chalcedon."

"Oh! Well, what has *she* done? Has she dared to look handsomer than any other woman here?"

"Handsomer! Look at her dress."

"I really hadn't remarked her dress. I had only seen her face, which would be positively angelic, if angels were ever painted with so spirited an expression."

Ernestine was ready to cry. "The men are all such fools," she thought, "particularly that ape, Edric. Oh! I hope his boots pinch him like everything!"

Flora now came close to Ernestine, and said,

"See that abominable thing talking to Lady Farringdon as if she were her bosom friend. It is some satisfaction to see Francis looking so uncomfortable. Persons who marry people whom nobody knows, must expect to be mortified by them. Suppose she should turn out to have been an actress! Such people would be likely to do just such a thing as this."

"Suppose you ask her, by-and-by, if she was not originally from Leicestershire, and has not some relations in the neighborhood."

"That is a capital idea," said Flora.

"But, wait until papa is out of the way, and Lady Farringdon and some others can overhear it."

In her intention to confuse, and perhaps to mortify Geralda, Flora was unconsciously aided by Lady Farringdon, who was saying, as Miss Chalcedon approached them,

"I did not suppose that I had any relations in Leicestershire—but I have been claimed by a third cousin, this evening."

"*You* have relations here, have you not?" said Flora, joining in the conversation, and addressing Geralda. "I understood you to say that your family were originally from Leicestershire."

"You are right," said Geralda, quietly. "The Falconers are an old Leicestershire family."

"Lord Fordham is a Falconer," said Lady Farringdon. "He is here to-night, I believe."

"Did you hear the rustling of my wings?" said a pleasant voice at the countess' shoulder.

"Speaking of that *other person*, Charley, brings himself, or a representative," said the countess, laughing. "Lady Chalcedon, allow me to introduce to you the Honorable Charles Falconer, Viscount Fordham, in whom you may discover a third or fourth cousin."

"Have I that honor?" said Lord Fordham, bowing low, and raising his eyes from the "conventual dress," to the beautiful face that adorned it.

"A *first* cousin," said Geralda. "My mother, Geraldine Falconer, was Lord Fordham's father's sister. But it is not surprising that your lordship should not know me, as I have lived on the Continent until very lately."

"I shall never forgive the mischance that has separated us until now," said his lordship, seating himself by Geralda, as the countess moved away. "I have long felt within myself a great capacity for loving somebody, and am delighted to find so near a relation upon whom to bestow my superabundant affection. To think that the mysterious Lady Chalcedon, who has been giving rise to so many improbable conjectures, should be my owny-dony cousin! as the children say."

"Does the knowledge overpower you?"

"It is entirely satisfactory, with one exception."

"And what is that?"

"That you are Lady Chalcedon instead of Lady *Fordham*."

"I'm afraid if I *were* Lady Fordham, I should not hear any such pretty speeches."

"Pretty speeches become plain truths when addressed to *you*. I'm sure I shall hate Sir Francis."

"Are you not acquainted with him?"

"Not personally."

"He is coming towards us. Shall I introduce you?"

"Yes, that I may invite him to a friendly entertainment, consisting of 'pistols and coffee for two.'"

From a distance Sir Francis had been watching the brown curls that waved so near my lady's bright hair, the handsome profile, and laughing eyes turned so persistently towards my lady's lovely face, and a little demon whispered in his ear that my lady had not looked so joyous since her marriage. The same little demon, tugging, unseen, at the ear in which he had whispered, drew the baronet towards her ladyship, who, with all gravity, made him acquainted with "My cousin, Lord Fordham."

Having acknowledged the introduction, the viscount congratulated himself upon his newly-discovered relationship to Sir Francis and Lady Chalcedon, in a few well-chosen sentences, promised himself great pleasure from their farther acquaintance, and said that the only thing he could regret, was, that he had not known his cousin *before her marriage.*

The demon which had whispered in the baronet's ear, now sank like a leaden plummet into his heart, and said, "I am Jealousy—and your guest forever more."

Sir Francis was not yet aware that this new and uncomfortable feeling bore the name of jealousy. He who is really supe-

rior to his fellow-men, and he who *believes* himself to be so, are alike unvisited by this imp in livery of "green and yellow," until Love comes, and brings him in his train. Then, the sage philosopher, the heaven-soaring poet, the artist devoted to the ideal, the statesman planning the rise and fall of governments, all forsake the natural use of their eyes, and view surrounding objects through spectacles more or less tinged with green. It is astonishing how those same green spectacles which Sir Francis now put on for the first time, exaggerate and distort. Lord Fordham's words and looks, frank, open, and conveying an expression of friendly regard and honest admiration, when seen through them became double-meaning and ardent, and my lady's suggested a no less unpleasant translation.

At the dinner-table, Lord Fordham was seated next to her, and when he touched her glass with his, with a smile and playful gesture, Sir Francis almost threw his goblet at his head. When his lordship gave her a French motto, unrolled from a pink-candied-shell, and purporting to be a message to Venus from the mermen who mourned the loss of the sea-born goddess, the baronet gripped the handle of a knife so hard, that he quite expected to find the impression of his fingers in the silver, and looked compassionately at the tips, reddened by the rude pressure. He thought with what ferocious delight he could plunge that knife into the heart of the viscount, and then reflected what an unpleasant sensation must be produced by the act of suffocation, called hanging, and the disagreeable purpling of the face which would be one of its immediate results. "How a fellow would look after he was dead"—thought the baronet.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ONE SEPTEMBER.

I.

I remember
One September
When the purple plum-trees bore,
And the pears hung mellow,
And we heaped an ample store
Of pippins red and yellow.
Do you remember
That September?

II.

When the after-math was mown,
And we tossed the fragrant hay—
Hay with withered daisies strewn,
Sweet as freshest flowers of May—
Dear, do you remember
That September?

III.

And you couched upon the hay,
While I sat quiet at your head;
Little found we then to say,
Unless to praise the lovely day,
Or some books that we had read.
But do not you remember
The joy of that September?

IV.

Many a day has passed since then,
Many a sunny day and bright,
Rare and precious moments when
Earth has *glowed with Eden's light*,
And we talk when we're together
Of other things than books or weather;
But, love, do you remember
The joy of that September?

The Traitor Denounced.

A TALE OF THE TOURNAMENTS.

King Edward, of England, held his court in the ancient city of Winchester: ostensibly to redress the wrongs of his subjects, but, in reality, to avoid the dreaded Earl of Lancaster.

Another motive he had for visiting Winchester, and that was to await the arrival of the elder De Spenser, who was every day expected from the south, with troops.

King Edward, and his abandoned queen, Isabella, or the "she wolf of France," as she was called, were seated in royal state in the presence chamber of the old palace.

His lords and gentlemen, and such of his barons as were yet faithful to him, were ranged around.

The halberdiers, in their panoply of steel, were drawn up round the walls of the apartment.

"How now, Sir Page, who next seeks an audience?" demanded the king, as one of the court pages entered and knelt before the royal pair.

"So like your Grace, the worthy knight, Sir Lionel Arundel, craves admission to your royal presence," replied the bending page.

The king's face grew dark and moody, as the name fell on his ear, while the queen hastily drew down her veil to shroud her treacherous features.

The next moment, Sir Lionel, equipped in complete armor, proudly entered the presence chamber, and making a profound bow, stopped in front of the throne.

"Methinks, Sir Knight, thou art but ill advised, to brave our wrath while thine offences yet smell so rank," cried the king, angrily, as Lionel halted.

"What offences, so please your grace?"

"Treason against our royal will and commandment."

"My liege, 'tis false; there breathes not a man in England who owns a more loyal heart to your grace than I do."

"Hast thou not, against our known command, despoiled the young De Spenser of his bride?"

"Of your grace's command, I knew naught, and as for despoiling him, 'twas he who would have robbed me of my affianced wife."

"Thy affianced wife?"

"Yes, my liege, mine; mine, by the promise of her sire, and by the holy benediction of the church, mine, long ere this arrogant De Spenser—"

"Peace, knave, nor dare to rail upon a noble gentleman, thy lord and master," exclaimed Isabella, with flashing eyes.

"My master, your grace! not while Lionel Arundel has a sword to wield, or a tongue to denounce a low-born minion."

"Peace, saucy varlet, or that unruly tongue may chance run thy head from thy unmannerly shoulders. Away, sirrah!" resumed the queen, with a haughty wave of the hand.

"Calm thee, fair mistress, and doubt not we will find a way to stop this kestrel's crow of triumph, never fear," whispered the king.

"For what purpose, Sir Knight, hast thou now favored us with thy unwelcome presence?" Edward demanded, suppressing all evidence of passion or displeasure.

"For what purpose, my liege? To denounce and challenge that pampered minion, the young De Spenser, to mortal combat."

"Thou hast chosen thine opportunity with ill advice, Sir Knight, or thou mightest have known the worthy lord thou seekest was doing our behest in the goodly city of Bristol," replied the king.

"But he hath left his tool, my Lord of Tankerville, behind," and Lionel pointed contemptuously to a courtier who stood at the back of the royal chair.

"And what would'st thou have of me, thou insolent braggart?" demanded the young lord, suddenly looking up with a haughty start, as his name was pronounced.

"What would I have of thee, thou slave of a slave?" cried Lionel, with a defiant gesture. "This I would; I'd have thee bear my mortal defiance to thy base and revengeful master."

"And thou could'st couple it with one to myself, I should more enjoy the duty thou givest me."

"Peace, thou chattering pye, and hear thy message," cried Lionel, waving him to silence with his hand, as he advanced nearer to the throne, and proudly set one foot on the lowest step.

"Tell the young De Spenser that at the foot of the throne, and in the presence of his betrayed sovereign, and his unnatural accomplice—"

Lionel here glanced meaningly at the queen, who, in conscious confusion, drooped her head, and drew her veil in closer folds over her changing countenance.

"I denounce him as a base friend, and a treacherous counsellor, a perverter of truth and justice, a villain to all who trust him, and a traitor to his king and country."

"Hast done, thou audacious knave?" exclaimed Isabella, half rising from her chair, in her fear of further disclosures.

"Lady, by your leave," and Lionel bowed courteously to the queen, as he drew off his heavy gauntlets.

"Tell him, moreover, that I waive his attempted murder of myself and his outrage on my betrothed wife, and merge every charge in that of traitor to his king and country. In proof whereof, there lies my gage."

And while he held aloft the one glove, he hurled the other at the feet of the king and queen.

Tankerville sprang from behind the royal chair in a moment, and rushing to the front of the throne, flung down a glove from his girdle, as he took up that of Lionel's, exclaiming—

"Take back your defiance, haughty and discourteous knight. In De Spenser's name, I accept thy challenge, and will imperil mine own body to prove thee a base calumniator and a villain."

"Dread liege, I claim my right!" exclaimed Lionel, "my right, having denounced your highness' favorite, as a rank and dangerous traitor, to prove the charge upon his felon body."

"Grant it, I beseech your grace, that such a pestilent reviler of the brave and beautiful, may meet his instant punishment," interposed Tankerville.

"When returns De Spenser from his mission, my lord?" asked Edward.

"He is hourly looked for home, your grace."

"Be it so, then. To-morrow, at five of the clock in the evening. See, Sir Knight, thou art prepared to make good thy boisterous appeal against the Lord De Spenser," replied the king, addressing Lionel.

Then turning to Tankerville, he added—

"And thou, my lord, see thou, too, art prepared should De Spenser not return, to adventure thine own body in this encounter, and disprove, for him and me, the foul aspersions."

"Doubt it not, my liege."

"Nor my presence, sire, to make good this charge of treason against thy crown, thy dignity and thy life," replied Lionel, rising and taking up the other's gage.

"Marshal! see that the lists for this encounter are erected betimes to-morrow, in the meads behind our palace, and look that all be in fitting order, for our presence at the joust."

The officer addressed bowed as the king finished, and retired.

"Stay, Sir Knight," cried Edward, as Lionel was retiring from the presence.

"Stay, in this charge of treason, and encounter against a high and valued noble, thou adventurest only thine own body."

"What more, my liege, can I risk, or what offer, of greater value than my life?"

"The custody of thy young wife, the lovely Bertha."

"My wife? Bertha, my liege!"

"Aye truly, for unless she be placed in the foremost seat of the royal stand ere sound of trumpet to-morrow, we shall forbid the lists."

"She shall be present, my liege," replied Lionel, as he respectfully withdrew.

"Fair and false, over false and fair," he muttered, as he quitted the chamber. "But I will thwart their scheme, though I lose my life in the effort—ever fair and false."

On the following day, long ere noon, the marshal's men had worked with such diligence that lists to accommodate ten thousand people had been erected in the rear of the old palace.

An hour before the time fixed for the tourney all the galleries were filled with the privileged spectators, and those lords and nobles who were yet faithful to their sovereign.

Along the sides of the barriers were crowded the populace of the city, and the adjacent towns and hamlets.

Every available space was filled with an eager and excited throng, except the canopied and cushioned seats, set apart for the king and queen, and the rest of the royal household.

A body of troops kept clear the gate on either side of the lists, for the entrance of the combatants.

All was again eager excitement, to know whether the universally execrated "Spenser," as the king's minion was popularly called, had yet returned to do battle.

To gain a satisfactory answer to this question was the sole desire of every individual present, whether of high or low degree.

So well had the secret been kept, that to the last minute not even the inmates of the palace knew whether the favorite had returned, or would answer to his summons.

With intense curiosity the multitude watched the knights, barons, and ladies of the palace, pass in silence to the royal balcony, filling up all the reserved places, except four chairs of state, placed in the front row.

For some minutes a profound silence reigned over the vast multitude, as all held their breath, in expectation of some sudden sight or sound.

In another moment, the silence was

"HE HURLED HIS HEAVY GAUNTLET AT THE FEET OF THE KING AND QUEEN."

broken by the loud shrill blast of a trumpet, the first prelude of the coming contest. The opening of the lists.

The next instant one of the gates was flung open, and Lionel Arundel, in a magnificent suit of armor, mounted on a black steed, slowly entered the enclosure.

A lady, richly attired, but her features concealed under a white veil, that enveloped her person to the waist, seated on a splendid white Arab, rode on Lionel's left hand.

As soon as the pair reached the front of the royal pavilion, one universal shout rose from the assembled multitude.

A shout of joy and welcome as the throng recognized Lionel, the accuser, and the lovely Bertha his heroic wife.

Springing lightly from his charger, Lionel bent courteously on one knee, and offering Bertha his hand, she rose from her saddle, and making a stepping stone on the proffered knee, stepped gracefully under the pavilion, and took the last of the four chairs.

A shout, louder and even more enthusiastic than the former, burst from the throng, as Lionel rose to his seat, and mounting his horse, quitted the lists with his wife's palfrey.

The crowd had scarcely subsided into quietness, when the marshal and his men took their places, and a loud flourish of drums and trumpets announced the approach of the royal party.

"Who's that? who's that?" cried the excited throng, eagerly straining forward, as a tall venerable man, more than eighty years of age, and dressed in princely robes, followed a body of men-at-arms to the pavilion.

"Who is it, you ask, who?" replied others, sneeringly.

"Aye, aye, who?"

"Why the old De Spenser, to be sure; just created Earl of Winchester!"

The half expressed hiss, and the partly uttered groan, that was meant to greet the execrated name was checked in its opening by the respect still paid to their weak but harmless king as he followed the father of the young favorite.

Edward and his queen, surrounded by guards, passed his bare-headed, but silent subjects, to reach the two centre chairs.

Bertha, and the Earl of Winchester, occupying those on the right and left of the royal pair.

Scarcely had Edward taken his seat, when two mounted heralds, blowing a defiant flourish, entered the arena, followed by Lionel and one squire.

Another loud and ringing hurrah, with flourishing of scarves and kerchiefs, greeted the advent of the popular favorite.

With breathless impatience, the people listened to the reading of the challenge that denounced the king's minion as a traitor. Every thought being centered in the question, who would respond to the defiance.

A brief space was allowed, after the reading of the proclamation, for an answer, but no response being given, the herald blew his trumpet three times.

At the last sound, the herald demanded—

"Who answers for the Lord De Spenser?"

"He answers for himself," exclaimed the defendant, leaping his horse into the lists, before his herald and squire.

Lowering his lance in a salute to the king, De Spenser turned his horse's head suddenly, till scarcely a yard divided him from his adversary, when he cried, disdainfully—

"Yes, much to thy confusion, De Spenser is here in person, to refute thy calumny, and prove, on thy dastard body, that thou art the traitor to thy king and country."

"Vain boaster, I stand for the truth of my cause on the arbitrament of steel, and not on a war of idle words."

"Take note, most puissant king, and all you who hear me, that I solemnly deny every slander cast on my spotless name by yon traducer, and at my sword's point will make him recant them all."

"Hear me, my liege, and you, my peers: alive may I never light from this good steed's back if De Spenser be not as I assert—a traitor to the lips."

"No more, no more."

"But this, my liege, whate'er betides me, look to thyself; thou art beset by traitors, foreign and domestic; beware of France, of Mortimer, and most—"

"Strike up, I say!"

At this command the trumpets sounded the alarm, and each antagonist hastily closed his visor and galloped to his respective end of the lists.

A moment later, and the two met in mid career, with such momentum that both horses were driven back on their haunches, pawing the air madly with their feet.

So violent was the shock, that De Spenser would have lost his lance and seat, but for the timely aid of his squire.

Lionel was the first to bring his horse to his feet and regain his end of the lists.

Again the trumpets sounded the charge, and again the foemen rushed together, the lance of Lionel glancing off the casque of De Spenser, while his only dinted his antagonist's shield.

In a moment their horses had borne them to opposite ends of the ground.

Instantly both wheeled round their steeds, and goading their horses' flanks, for the third time rushed together.

A sudden crash, a heavy fall, and then a peeling shout of triumph shook the air.

So resistless was the force of Lionel's charge, that his lance striking the centre of De Spenser's shield, was shivered to the butt, the shock driving him from the saddle, and throwing his steed, gasping and trembling, on the plain.

Hurling away his broken lance, Lionel sprang from his horse, and drawing his sword, rushed forward on his fallen foe.

Before he could reach him, however, De Spenser's squire had opened his knight's casque, and raised him to his knee.

"Confess thy plots and treason," cried Lionel, with his sword at his throat.

"Never, come on! I defy thee!" and striking up the sword with his shield, he sprang lightly to his feet, and the next instant, the two closed in deadly combat.

Exhausted and shaken by his fall, De Spenser was ill able to bear the storm of blows and thrusts his enemy showered upon him.

His shield, cut and battered out of shape, and his arm weary with heavy blows, the royal favorite had to give ground apace, making a stand at last a few yards from the pavilion.

Seeing his advantage, Lionel redoubled his efforts, and after twice wounding his antagonist, dealt so quick and heavy a blow on his helmet that he staggered several paces back, and fell heavily to the ground.

"Confess thy treason or die!" cried Lionel, raising his bright sword, to strike.

"Villain, forbear! Harm him at thy soul's peril!" cried Isabella, passionately, as she sprang from her seat, and pointing to the victor, continued, addressing a party of armed men at one of the gates—

"Fulfil your sworn promise, dolts! cowards! do you hear, how him to pieces! Upon him!

Before the men addressed could understand, or remember their duty, another squire, leading the white palfrey, burst through their midst, and made up to Lionel.

At the same moment, the first squire, leading his charger, galloped up on the other side.

Lionel comprehended all the dangers of his situation in an instant.

Lifting Bertha, who had rushed to the edge of the platform, into her saddle, he bounded into his own, as a squire ranged himself on either side of him and Bertha.

"See, my lord of Winchester, the villain murders your son," cried the passionate queen. "Draw, my lord, and forward to the rescue."

"Isabella, are you mad?" exclaimed the king, grasping her hand.

"My liege," cried Lionel from his saddle. "Believe me, that till death, I am ever your true and loyal subject; beware of treason, of Mortimer, and of the she-wolf of France."

"See you not he bears away your son's bride! Confusion! Cut them down! Upon them!" cried the exasperated queen, as she shook off Edward's hold of her arm.

The troops from both sides rushed forward to surround the fugitives, but too late to offer any serious opposition.

At a touch of the spur, the four horses made a resistless bound, and while the squires, with their battle-axes, hewed down all on either flank, Lionel Arundel made such use of his sword as soon cut a passage for their flight through their enemies' lines.

"Saved and won! Triumph and victory!" shouted Lionel, as free from the press, they galloped in loose order southward, while peal on peal of deafening shouts rose from the multitude, as they rode in safety from their persecutors.

"Saved and won, my own Bertha, saved and gloriously won!"

A few months later, the garrison of Bristol seized their governor, the old De Spenser, and delivering him to the barons, he was instantly, without question or trial, beheaded, and his body, cut in atoms, flung to the dogs.

His head was sent to adorn the gates of Winchester, from which city he derived his title.

Thus at the age of *eighty-nine* perished the elder De Spenser.

Only a short time later, the barons having captured the king, and his young favorite, Edward was sent a prisoner to Pomfret, and the young De Spenser suffered the same fate as his father.

My Grandmother's Ring.

I shut the garden-door, and went slowly down the winding path toward the lane. It was the day after the funeral, and the blinds in the house I had left were drawn up, and the windows that had looked so blank for the past week were open again, and people moved about briskly, and spoke no more in hushed whispers. Nay, once—not half an hour since—my ear had caught, from the distant kitchen regions, the ring of a light laugh. Out of doors, the sun shone on the green leaves, the birds sang in the elms overhead, and the brooklet in the little wood gurgled merrily over the stones. Yet, as I turned and sat down on the mossy step of the old sun-dial, and pressed my aching brow against the cold stone pillar, I thought I had never looked upon so sad a scene. Even now, when a pang of sorrow strikes me, there rises to my mind the image of the long, low white house, the turf all wet and glittering after the shower, and I hear the dripping of the rain-drops from the leaves, and the carol of the lark as I heard it on that day, for it was my mother who was dead, and I was very lonely in the world—an orphan, brotherless and sisterless. Presently, I stood up, tied on my hat, and going wearily on to the white gate, leaned over it doubtingly. A week ago—only a week—she would have told me where to go, would have planned some errand for me; now, I must follow my own fancy, for my grave uncle within doors was deep in parchment deeds, and had no thought to spare for me. Instinctively, my feet turned toward the village. I had trod that path often with a bag or basket on my arm, acting as her almoner, and the impulse came to see some of the faces that used to greet me so gladly, and to hear the blessings breathed upon her name. On I went, lingering for a moment at the turnpike, where the old gatekeeper shook her head sadly at sight of my black garments, and spoke her simple words of sympathy amid her tears, and passed the school, where the children in the porch hushed their laughter as I went by. Just beyond the school playground, there stood a low thatched cottage in its little garden, and I turned in there, for an old man, sick and suffering, lived in that house, and sickness and suffering touched me closely just then. He was sitting by the fireside quite alone, and as I lifted the latch, he turned his head, and a feeble light came into his dim eyes. "Ah, Miss Hester, I was thinking of you only a while ago. Will you be pleased to step in and take a seat?"

He made some attempt to rise from his own wooden chair; but I stopped him hastily, and drawing a low stool towards the fire, sat down at his side.

"How is the rheumatism to-day, Philip?"

"Well, it's baddish, miss—thank you kindly all the same. I had a hard night with it; but I mustn't grumble, for I've suffered little in my life, and I shall be eighty-two come Whitsuntide."

"Your daughter's out? I heard she had been ill."

"She's middling again now, miss, and she's gone to do a day's washing up at Squire Lawson's."

"And left you all to yourself," said I pityingly. "Poor Philip, how long the day must seem!"

"No," answered the old man, slowly; "the hours go quick enough. At first, when I was laid by, it did seem long, and I was all agog to be up and doing; but now I sit here by the fire, and think of the days that are bygone; and ofttimes I'm taken aback when the setting sun comes shining in at the window yonder. But," he added, suddenly, "I didn't ought to be talking on of myself now, and never asking so much as a word about you and the dear mistress that's just gone. You'll miss her sorely, I'm thinking."

"Yes, indeed." But, somehow my wound was too fresh for more than those two words; and reaching a book that I had lent him from the mantel-shelf, I said: "I can't talk much about her yet, Philip. Shall I read to you now?"

The usual answer came: "Thank you kindly;" and I began.

Perhaps my reading was monotonous, for my thoughts would not follow the printed words, but wandered far and wide. Be that as it might, when I raised my head at the end of half an hour, the old man was nodding. I softly laid the book aside, and sat for a few minutes watching him, and admiring the fine old head, with its long, silvery locks, and the strongly marked wrinkled features softened by sleep, before I laid my hand upon his sleeve. He started, and opened his eyes, exclaiming: "I'm sure I ask your—" But the rest of the sentence died upon his lips, and he gazed with a sort of terror at my ungloved hand, still resting on his fustian jacket. "What?—where—where did it come from?" he faltered out in a thin, quavering voice.

I was startled too. I too stared at my hand. "What is it, Philip!"

"The ring—that diamond ring with the big emerald in the middle!"

There were several on my finger. Two that I had seen from my babyhood on the dear hand now lying in the grave, and which, on the very morning that she died, she had given to me, bidding me wear them always, for her sake. The third—the diamond—she had rarely worn; but it had been her mother's, and once she had told me that a tale hung by it. Beneath the stones there was a tiny lock of hair, cut from her head when an infant; and for the sake of that flaxen curl, I had put it on among the others.

"The diamond ring," I said, drawing it off. "Philip, do you know it?"

He held out his shaking hand, and I laid it in his palm.

"Do you know it?" I repeated eagerly. "It was my grandmother's once."

Slowly he turned it over, examining it with a strange intent curiosity, then he gave it back to me. "Do I know it?" he said, now first seeming to hear my question. "I have not set eyes on it for more than sixty years; but on my death-bed, I shall see that ring as plainly as I see it now."

"What can you mean?" I exclaimed impatiently. "I don't understand."

"Miss Hester," and there was something

solemn in his look and tone, "that ring had well-nigh been my ruin—ay, and my soul's ruin too; and yet" (and a half-smile flashed suddenly across his face)—"and yet it was *not* my ruin, but my making; and if it hadn't been for that ring, neither you nor the dear lady that's just gone would have seen the light."

I sat looking at him, listening to him, too much amazed for words.

He noticed my bewildered, half-frightened glances.

"Miss Hester, do you care to hear an old man's tale? I have never told it even to my daughter; and I don't suppose there's one living in the place even to guess at it now. They kept it dark for me, and it all died out long ago. But I'm willing to tell it to you, for the sight of that ring seems to open my heart."

"Yes, tell me—pray, tell me," I said impetuously.

He sat silent for a few minutes, with hands clasped upon his knees, gazing into the fire, then he turned his eyes on me and spoke slowly, as though recalling gradually the distant past.

"I was turned twenty, but I still lived at home with my father and mother; not here in the village, but in an old house half a mile down the Hilbury Road. My father was a carpenter, and had brought me up to the trade, and he let me manage things pretty much my own way, though I was but a lad. I used to think the reason he so seldom crossed me was, lest I should get a fancy for roaming, for my mother had fretted sorely when my brother Josiah listed for a soldier; and they had buried two children in Hilbury churchyard. Anyhow, it seemed as though they could never make enough of me. I was a likely young fellow, strong and hearty, a good hand at my work, and for climbing or wrestling, there were few in the country-side could beat me. Ah, well, they were blithe days, when I stood bat in hand at my wicket on the green, or strolled by the river-side with Margaret Leigh! I would not have changed places with a king then! We were to be married one day, Margaret and I, and though the day was some way off, we were young and hopeful, and content to wait. But I don't know why I should trouble you with all our foolish fancies and schemes—only I'm loath to go on to the dark time when the tide turned; for turn it did. First of all, my mother fell ill, and most of her careful savings went to pay the doctor. All through one dreary winter, she hardly left her bed; and when the spring came, and she was beginning to get about again, there came a run of ill-luck in our trade. One of our best men left us, and took work under a carpenter who had just set up in Hilbury, and had drawn off many of our customers. Then we made a venture in a stock of wood that turned out badly; and, worst of all, father cut his wrist, and couldn't so much as lift a tool; and so we went down—down; till sometimes I used to wonder how long, if matters didn't mend, we might have food to eat or a roof to cover us. And Margaret too—poor Margaret—her aunt died; and about the time when we used to think we might have married, she went out to service many a long mile away.

"I was loitering along the green one evening, sore at heart enough, by reason of my troubles, when one of the little lads playing catchpenny on the grass looked up from his game to say: 'Dost know, Phil Morris, that the mistress at the Hall is took very ill—like to die, they say?' 'Who told you that?' I growled out. I had grown very surly of late. ''Tis all a lie, I'll be bound.' 'That it ain't then. Mother were up at the house this very afternoon, and they said as how the doctor had most given her up, and the squire were in a great taking. I heard mother tell father all about it.' I sauntered on, thinking bitterly that here was another blow coming, for the lady at the Hall was kind to every one, and my mother was a favorite of hers. You see I thought only of myself, not of the good-hearted squire, nor of the many who would miss her. Trouble had made me very selfish, and yet I little dreamed what that bit of news meant for me. Only a day later, every one knew that she was really dead. I heard it in the early morning, as I was taking down the window-shutters; and that same evening, as I sat at my bench in the workshop, one of the grooms from the Hall came riding up to the door. My father was standing there, and the man gave the message to him. A coffin—did I say that we were undertakers as well as carpenters?—a coffin was to be put in hand at once, for the funeral would be in three days' time. It was very soon, as the man said; but they thought it better, for she had died very suddenly. 'You'll go, Phil,' my father said, looking at his lame wrist. Now, he had mostly taken that sort of work; but of late, since his accident, it had once or twice fallen upon me. 'The squire sent word to you,' I answered, 'and your hand is pretty near well now. Hadn't you best go yourself?' 'Nay, nay, my lad,' said the old man; 'be sure the squire heeds little enough just now whether it's father or son that knocks in the nails, and my wrist's not good for much even now. I doubt it never will be again: you'd best go.' So it fell out that it was I who went up to the house to measure the lady—your grandmother, Miss Hester, for her coffin.

"On the day before the funeral, I went for the third and last time to finish my work. As I went through the Hall, the study-door was pushed partly open, and a little child peeped out. I caught a sight of the darkened room, and the squire sitting by the fire with his head resting on his hand, but he turned quickly, and called the little lad, and the door was shut to again. I can remember, as though it were yesterday, the rosy little face peering out at me, and the dull muffled sound of my own tread as I went up through the silent house to the room where the body lay. It was a large and lofty room; and all the furniture now in it, the great carved bedstead, the chairs, yes, and the windows too, were hung with white, and folds of white muslin had been thrown over the tall mirrors. Everything was white except where the coffin stood in the middle of the room, and even there some lilies and white roses had been scattered. There she lay as I had placed her the day before—the lady who used to come smiling into our houses, and who had never met us without a kindly word. Death had not changed her much, and her still face looked as calm and peaceful as if she had been sleeping. The housekeeper had come up, and stood watching while I softly swept aside the flower-blossoms, and set about my work. Presently, it was needful that I should move one of the hands which were crossed upon her breast, and, as I lifted it, I saw glittering on the little finger of the other hand a diamond ring. It had been hidden till then, but I saw it now plainly enough—a splendid ring, with two sparkling diamonds, and an emerald in the middle. I looked up in wonder at the housekeeper, and she nodded sadly. 'Yes; it was a fancy of my mistress's. The squire gave her that ring the day they were married, and she has worn it ever since. She always said that she would have it buried with her when she died.' 'It was not on her hand yesterday,' I observed. 'No; the squire brought it up last night, and put it on her finger his own self.' 'It is a beautiful ring;' and I bent down to look at it more closely. 'Yes; it's worth a small fortune, as I've often heard my lady say,' Mrs. Winter made answer. 'But I must go now. Shall you be long about it, Morris?' 'Not very long;' and I hastily took up one of my tools. 'I will send Clare up to give you any help you may want,' she said, and went away.

"But when she was gone, I stooped down again for a third long stare at that ring. Then I moved a step or two back, and stood playing idly with the hammer in my hand. It seemed to have bewitched me. I forgot where I was, and what I had to do. I forgot everything till I heard a step coming along the passage, and I had only just begun my work when Clare came in. It was done. The nails were screwed home, the sweet face was hidden under the coffin lid, and I was walking fast across the park in the cool evening twilight. I began to whistle as I strode along, to wonder whether my mother would have waited supper for me; but in the midst of my wonder, my thoughts wandered off to something quite different, something I didn't want to think about just then; so I looked up at the great oaks, and tried to guess at their value; but the next moment came the recollection that the noblest of those big trees, with its huge girth of trunk, and its wide-spreading branches, was worth nothing compared to—well—to a certain bright stone which seemed to be still sparkling before my eyes. I had been reared honestly, if ever a lad had, and thief would have been nigh as bad a name to me as murderer; but yet, somehow, I couldn't for the life of me get that ring out of my head. I thought of it buried in the ground, doing no one any good, and of what *I* might do, were it mine to sell. My mother shouldn't pinch and fret herself any longer to make both ends meet; my father shouldn't sigh as he saw the loads of wood going past our door to the carpenter's at Hilbury; and Margaret—Margaret and I would be as happy as the day was long, married and settled in the dear old house. But bah! What rubbish all this was, when the ring would be in the squire's vault to-morrow night, and we were like to be on the parish before many months were over our heads. When I had come to this, I had come also to the stile leading into the fir-wood. I would not give myself time for any more such fancies; so I put my best foot foremost, and soon was clear of the wood, and tramping along the raised path that led to my father's door.

"The old people were very low that night, for they felt the mistress's loss all the more for their own troubles. 'They say it was quite sudden, Phil,' my father said, as he cut the cheese and passed my mug of beer. 'Mr. Stark the butler was down in the village this afternoon, and he said she had only been ill for three days, and no one thought of danger till an hour or two before she died. The squire would have sent off then for some grand doctor, but just as the groom was starting, she died, all in a minute as it were.' 'She isn't much changed, is she, Phil?' my mother asked. I didn't half like talking about her, but I made shift to answer pretty quietly: 'No, not a bit. Except for her being so white and still, you'd scarcely know she was dead; but I'm just tired out, so I think I'll be off to bed;' and I left them together, and climbed up the steep staircase to my attic.

"I *was* tired enough, but I couldn't sleep. Even when I did doze off for a few minutes, it was only into a confused dream, in which I always saw that ring. Now I was digging for it madly in a huge heap of shavings; now I was in church with Margaret, and the parson would not read the marriage-service for us till I put the ring on her finger; and now I was buried, pressed down by the damp stifling earth, but holding it tight. I got up at last in the early dawn, and, pushing my window open, leaned out for a breath of air. I thought it was the close hot room that had oppressed me, and I threw on my clothes, and went down to the river for a bathe; but when I got there, I didn't care to go into the water, and sat down instead upon the bank, staring at the rushes for a good hour. I didn't fight against my fancies now. The temptation had got me, body and soul. Ah, well! I didn't know then, as I do now, that it's the first thoughts which do the harm. If a man once lets himself go on thinking of what he ought to drive out of his mind at once, he's lost. He can't get rid of his ugly notions afterwards. When I walked away from the river, I was a changed man, hardened and reckless. That day was not like other days. The busy little village looked dull enough with the shop-windows closed, and the people, each with some bit of black about them, standing loitering at the street-corners, watching for the funeral procession. My father and mother went to the churchyard, but I had to be up at the Hall. It was a very quiet, simple business. When the old banker at Hilbury had been buried the year before, there had been twice as many carriages and plumes; but the squire had always hated fuss and show, and he was too heavy-hearted now to think of anything but his own grief. His sister was there, and my lady's brother, and one or two cousins, and these, with the doctor and the parson, and some of the old servants, made the whole party, except the little fair-haired boy who held his father's hand when they went down into the vault—that same vault, Miss Hester, in which your own mother was laid but yesterday. You know where it is in the churchyard, not a stone's throw from the chancel windows. Well, it was all over, and the heavy stone had been let fall again, and when the crowd scattered, there was scarcely a dry eye among them.

"We went home by-and-by, and the shutters were taken down, and father and I sat down to our bench; but somehow, neither of us were in the mood for work. He never did much now, though he liked to potter about among his tools, and watch all that went on. To-day, he soon put them by, and stood leaning over the half-door looking down the street, while I planed and hammered, or sat idly twirling the foot-rule between my fingers. 'Ah, lad, you've not much heart for carpentering to-day,' my father said at last, as he turned his head and caught sight of my listless figure; 'but there'll be more need for work than ever there was, for we always knew where to look for help before, and I doubt the squire will not be much at the Hall now.' 'Maybe not,' I made answer, and then I got up and walked straight away to the lathe. I didn't want to talk or be talked to, for a strange savage feeling had got hold of me, and I was half afraid of myself. So the day wore on, and the evening came, and my mother looked into the workshop, and bade me come to supper. When it was over, father reached down his pipe from the mantel-shelf. He and I mostly had a smoke together on the green in the twilight, and I saw that he was waiting for me, but I did not mean to go out with him to-night; so I spoke up in a dogged kind of way and said: 'I promised to get over to Kettlethorp, to take the order for that linen-press: there'll be time to get there and back before dark.' 'Nay, nay, my lad,' father answered; 'sure there's no such haste.' 'Yes, there is;' and I spoke the more sharply, as I saw father's wondering look. 'It won't do to let a job slip into Gleig's hands, for want of looking after it ourselves.' 'Well, well;' and the old man made no more objections, for I think he saw that my mind was made up. At the door, I turned to say: 'Don't you sit up, mother. I may be late, if I happen to light on Tom Hill.' 'You ain't going to the public, Phil?' she asked anxiously. 'I can't tell,' says I, and shut to the door, just hearing father's words: 'Let the lad alone, missus; he'll come to no harm,' as I tramped up-stairs. I had something to do before I went out, and I wanted to do it quietly.

"So I waited up there till I saw my father strolling, pipe in mouth, toward the green, and knew by the clattering plates that my mother was washing up in the back-kitchen, and then I went softly down, and through the wood-yard to the workshop. Once in there, I turned the key, and looked about me. Some tools were lying on the bench, and from these I chose two or three—a sharp screw-driver, a hammer, and a wedge. Then I went to a cupboard, and pushing back some boxes and parcels, came upon an old dark-lantern that had stood there untouched for perhaps a dozen years. I had to look in another closet for a bit of candle and some matches; but I had them all at last, tied up the tools and lantern in a scrap of matting, slipped the candle and matches in my pocket, unlocked the workshop door, and then crossing it, went out with my bundle in my hand by a side-door at the opposite end, which led, not into the village street, but into a cart-track, hardly ever used, and then into a paddock, shut in by high hedges. There was no one in sight as I ran across the paddock, and so struck into the sandy lane—you know it well, Miss Hester—which runs along by the churchyard wall. In two minutes more, I was over the wall, and skirting it inside. At the corner close by, I knew there were some loose stones. I knelt down by these, pushed aside two or three, laid my parcel down between them, and piled the stones carefully up again, so that they hid it. Then I looked cautiously all round, to be sure that I was not seen, and vaulting over the low wall, slid down the steep green bank. Now I could breathe again, for I didn't care who met me. I went round by the sexton's house, which stood near the churchyard gate, but I did not go in there; I only looked well at it, and at the little outhouse hard by, as I passed, and then I was away over the moors to Kettlethorpe. I walked fast, not whistling, not thinking, only trying to get over the ground as quickly as I could. My business was soon done, but yet it was quite dark when I turned my face homeward—darker than usual, for the moon was young, and the driving clouds hid the stars. I heard the church clock strike ten as I crossed the last bit of level ground, and began to make my way down the slope toward the village.

"I wasn't in a hurry now, though the night-wind blew chill in my face, and made me shiver; I sat down on a tuft of damp grass and watched till one by one the lights in the village beneath died out. When the last glimmer of candle-light was gone from the sexton's windows just below me, I started up, and half ran, half scrambled down the hillside. This time, I stopped by the wicket-gate that led into the sexton's garden, lifted the latch silently, and stole across the grass, not to the cottage-door, but to the little shed beyond, and stepping in, I felt cautiously with my hand along the wall. Yes; there stood the spade and pick-axe as I had seen them two hours ago. It was the pickaxe I wanted; and lifting it on to my shoulder, I crept back, over the little grass-plot, and out into the lane. Dark as it was, I felt as if a hundred eyes were watching me then. Panting, and with shaking knees, I climbed up the bank, and over the churchyard wall, and groped my way to the corner where I had left my tools. By the dim moonlight, I could just see the white heap of stones, but it took me a long while to find my parcel. I had it at last, and with it in one hand, and the pickaxe in the other, I struck across the churchyard to—to the vault. You know now what I meant to do: I was going to rob the dead.

"I stumbled twice over the low foot-stones, which I could not see. Once I fell, bruising my knee; but I got there at last. If I hadn't known the place so well, I should hardly have been able to find it; but I had taken my bearings that morning, and I could just see the sharp point of the marble monument standing out against the gray sky. The stone I had to lift was not many inches off, and, stooping down, I felt for it upon the ground. I soon found the rough edge, more by my fingers than my eyes, and then I knew whereabouts to stick in my pickaxe. When I had done this, the loose soil round so lately disturbed made my work easy enough, and though it cost me a tough strain, I had the stone up before you could count a hundred. I did not wait a moment. I was like one possessed as I went on hands and knees down the narrow slippery stone steps into the vault. I was scared enough, and though the perspiration was running down my face, I was all of a cold shiver. But yet I verily believe that if anybody had come upon me then, I should have killed them. There was just a glimmer of light thrown into the vault from the opening above, but not enough for me. It helped me, however, to push back the slide of my lantern, and stick in my bit of candle, and then I groped my way on to the farthest side of the vault, and struck a match. It fizzed, blazed up, and went out. With a muttered oath—it wasn't often that I swore, but I did then—I tried another, and this time it kept alight till the wick of the candle caught, and showed the vaulted roof and the dark row of coffins ranged round the stone floor. I did not want to look at them. I closed up the lantern, and putting it on the ground with its light side towards the one coffin *I wanted*, I went back to the steps, to find out if there was any glimmer to be seen above. No. I was safe so far: no spark of light showed there. Now for my screw-driver. If only I could do the work silently enough! The first noise of my effort was startling, and I scarcely dared try another; but I remembered that the vault lay deep, and that there were no houses within a furlong of it. At anyrate, I was in for it now, and I got used to the sound as I bent desperately to my task. The oaken lid had been tightly screwed, I knew, but that once open, the business was done—for the time had been too short to make a leaden coffin also. Screw after screw came out, and yet there were more. All at once, I fancied I heard a sound above, and my heart stopped beating, and I stood still as the dead around me, grasping the hammer in my hand. It came again, and I knew it this time for the screech of the night-owl in the church-tower. If I could but have wrung its neck for the fright it had given me! To work again: more screws; and now the last was out, and I could move the heavy lid.

"I threw back the lace-covering from the body, and the glimmer of the lantern fell on the dead face, as unchanged as on that first day when I had gone up to the Hall. I could not bear to look at it; I knew I should see it for ever in my dreams if I did, and yet, somehow, I had noticed everything: how the dark eyes seemed to give a blue shade to the eyelids closed over them; and how the long lashes lay on the white cheek, before I forced myself back to my work. Even then, the still white face was before me, close to mine. I would have hidden it under the lace again, but then I must cover the hands as well. I thought of my own spotted handkerchief; but something—I don't know what—kept me from laying that *there*. Best get the ring off, and be away from the place. It was on the left hand, the one that lay underneath, and the clammy touch of the fingers made me shudder; but I held them fast, for I saw the diamond glittering in the dim light. I tried to draw it off; but slender as the finger was, the ring would not slide along it. It seemed fixed there as though no power on earth could move it. I wrenched at it with my own big trembling fingers, and got it as far as the first joint—but further it would not come. What should I do? Of a sudden, I stooped down, and took it firmly between my teeth. It was coming now! I felt it slip. It was off—in my mouth—in my hand. Just for one instant, I saw it lying in my palm, and then—I saw something else. A goblin? No; but a stain of blood on the white slender hand, and a pair of brown eyes looking fixedly at me.

"I could not move; I could not breathe; I was like one turned to stone. Slowly the head lying in the coffin turned, and the pale lips moved, and the hand—the stained hand—where the ring had been, grasped feebly the edge of the coffin, and then—then the whole figure stirred, and tried to get up! I turned at that, and with a frightful cry, dashed the ring to the floor, and fled, mad with terror, up the stone stairs. On, on! never stopping, never looking round; breathless, gasping, across the churchyard, over the wall, and now I had broken through the rotten park paling, and was tearing through the fern and long grass on towards the Hall. There was a light in the Hall window, and I made for it. I fancied I saw her gaining on me; I seemed to hear the rustling of the grave-clothes at my ear; but I struggled on—up the broad flight of steps, and rang the great bell, as though I would have pulled it down. Before they opened it, I had fallen half unconscious on the stones; but I could just see some figures bending over me, and I could just pant out: 'The vault! my lady!' before I fainted dead away."

The old man paused for a moment, took a deep breath, and passed his wrinkled hand through his hair.

"That's my story, Miss Hester. When they got to the vault, they found the lady sitting upright in her coffin—alive, though trembling, and sorely scared—and the diamond ring lay on the floor. The lady had been in some strange deathlike fit, till my rough usage brought a flow of blood, and so revived her. When I came out of my long swoon, it was the squire who stood alone by my bedside, and first heard my story. He forgave me then and there. For once, an ill deed had brought about a good end, and he was too happy to be hard. But after that night of horror, I would not have stolen a farthing's worth to save my life. No one but the squire and my own father ever heard the whole history from me, and they gave it out that there had been good reasons for opening the vault that night. But there were some shrewd guesses made when the wonderful news got abroad, and the squire contrived to send me away from home on some business of his own for a year or two. When I came back, it was the dear lady herself who set me going in my father's business, and helped me on to my marriage with Margaret. She had a baby girl then, your mother, Miss Hester, and she lived on for fifteen years." He stopped, took the ring again in his hand, and turned it over, sighing wearily. "'Tis sixty years back, and it seems but yesterday," he repeated as he gave it me. "An ill conscience is a fearful thing, Miss Hester."

Lace Made of Hair.

Of all the curious kinds of lace, especially old lace, the most curious is that which is called *point tresse*. It is very rare, and was made of human hair. French collectors say it exists in the present day only in their cabinets. It was confined to the early part of the sixteenth century. One piece of this rare lace, richly endowed with sentiment, is particularly interesting. Margaret, Countess of Lennox, the mother of the wretched Darnley, sent from the Tower—where she was imprisoned when her son, Lord Charles Lennox, married the daughter of Bess of Hardwick—a bit of this kind of lace to Mary, Queen of Scots. This is a very strong proof in her belief in the Queen's innocence of the guilt that had been imputed to her. The little square of *point tresse* was worked by the old Countess's own hands from her own gray hair. It was, in fact, hair mixed with fine flax.

☞ A curious relic has been lately sold at Versailles—a pair of Madame de Pompadour's stays. The stay bones are of formidable strength, but the peculiarity of the corset consists in a little pocket at the top, where the wily Pompadour used to hide the little *billets doux* which were slipped into her hands under the king's nose.

☞ James Stephens, a few years ago the hero of Fenianism and the illustrated papers, after a brief career of glory, has resumed his old profession as school teacher, in Paris, France.

☞ The rice birds have left their usual food and attacked the caterpillar in the cotton-fields, becoming saviors instead of destroyers.

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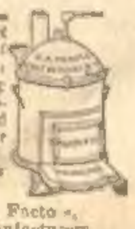

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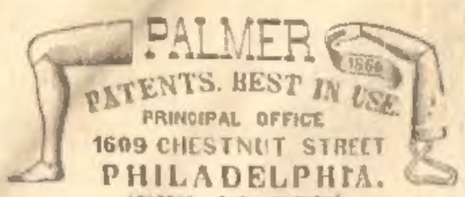

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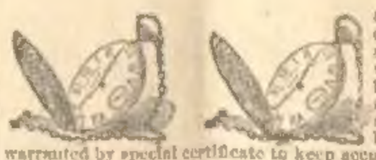

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☞ We were the first to commence the sale of goods on the popular plan of **ONE DOLLAR for EACH ARTICLE.** Our sales, for the last twelve months, have been about one million dollars.

☞ Our business has been decided by the Courts of this State, and by the United States authorities, not to be a Lottery, or a Gift Enterprise, but a regular legitimate business.

Terms of sale for Club of $5, a selection of one of the following articles:—20 yards Brown or Bleached Sheeting superior quality. Poplin or Alpaca Dress pattern. Wool Square Shawl. 2¾ yards Doeskin. An 8 day Clock, Seth Thomas' make. 1 pair gent's Calf Boots. White Marseilles Quilt. Silver plated Cruet Castor with 6 bottles. A Morocco Photograph Album, 100 pictures. 3 yards 6-4 Wool Cloth. Silver plated Cake Basket. 36 yds. Brown or Bleached Sheeting, common quality. Also, printed notices of 60 articles, for sale at $1 for each article, comprising a variety of articles usually sold at retail at prices from $1.50 to $5 for each article.

For a Club of $10, a selection of one of the following articles:—40 yards Brown or Bleached Sheeting, *superior quality.* Dress patterns, price $10. Wool Long Shawl. Broche Long Shawl. 2 yards Black German Broad Cloth. Common Sense Sewing Machine, price $18—(these machines will hem, stitch, fell, tuck, quilt, cord, bind, braid, and embroider, in a most superior manner.) Gent's or Ladies' Silver Hunting Case Watch, new. 25 yards Hemp Carpeting. 3 yards Beaver Cloth. 6¼ yards good Doeskin. Silver plated Ice Pitcher. 6 yds. Wool Cloth, double width. 1 pair superior Blankets. 7/8 yds. Brown or Bleached Sheeting, common quality, and 120 printed notices of articles for sale at $1 each, comprising a variety of articles usually sold at retail from $1.50 to $10 for each article.

☞ FOR ADDITIONAL PARTICULARS SEND FOR OUR CIRCULAR. SEND A DRAFT, POSTAL MONEY ORDER, or REGISTERED LETTER. Be sure and direct your letters to

ANDREWS & CO.,
106 Sudbury Street, Boston, Mass.
oct10-4t

ESTEY'S COTTAGE ORGANS

have the FINEST TONE, more POWER, and it takes LESS MONEY to buy them than any other INSTRUMENT in the market. Great inducements offered to Sunday-schools and churches. A liberal discount made to clergymen. Send for a circular and price list.

E. M. BRUCE,
18 North Seventh Street,
mar14-tf Philadelphia.

CLUB Rates for 40 Papers and Magazines. Send stamp. L. L. FAIRCHILD, Rolling Prairie, Wis. oct2-2t

GRAPE VINES FREE.—Agents wanted. Send stamp. L. L. FAIRCHILD, Rolling Prairie, Wis. oct3-2t

$100 A MONTH TO AGENTS and a 50 cent stamp, redeemable at my office, given every applicant. Male and female agents wanted in a new, pleasant, permanent business; full particulars free, together with the 50 cent stamp by return mail. Sample retailing at $2.25 for 25 cents. C. L. VAN ALLEN, 48 New St., New York City. oct3-6m

AGENTS! AGENTS! AGENTS!

WANTED!—Ladies and Gentlemen in every town and city in the United States, to act as Agents for

AUSTIN & CO.'S

GREAT ONE DOLLAR SALE.

We are now selling a great variety of rich and valuable goods, consisting of *Dry Goods, Gold and Silver Watches, Carpets, Furniture, Silver-Plated Ware, Cutlery, Fine Jewelry, Sewing Machines, &c.*, comprising nothing but useful articles wanted in every family, for **One Dollar Each,** which cannot be purchased in any retail store for twice that sum.

Our inducements to agents are greater than any other House in the Trade. Send for descriptive checks in Clubs of Ten for $1, Thirty for $2, Fifty for $5, larger ones in the same ratio. Circulars, giving full information, sent free of charge. Parties desirous of acting as agents will send in clubs, and receive in return for the same, Dress Patterns, Wool Blankets, Gold or Silver Watch, Woolen Carpet, Sewing Machine, Web of Cotton, and various other valuable articles, in proportion to the size of the club.

N. B.—We do not invest all our capital in flashy half column advertisements, like some other houses in this trade, but give our customers a larger amount of goods for their money instead. Address

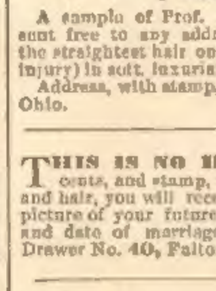
AUSTIN & CO.,
100 Summer St., Boston, Mass.
sep26-4t

QUEEN OF ENGLAND SOAP.

Queen of England Soap. Queen of England Soap

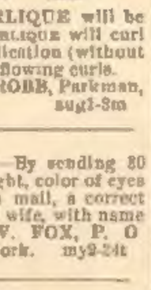
For doing a family washing in the best and cheapest manner. Guaranteed equal to any in the world! Has all the strength of the old rosin soap with the mild and lathering qualities of genuine Castile. Try this splendid Soap. Sold by the

ALDEN CHEMICAL WORKS,
jy18-1y 48 North Front St., Philadelphia.



Curls! Curls!

SAMPLES



SENT FREE.

A sample of Prof. ROBB'S CURLIQUE will be sent free to any address. The CURLIQUE will curl the straightest hair on the first application (without injury) in soft, luxuriant, beautiful, flowing curls.

Address, with stamp, Prof. B. H. ROBB, Parkman, Ohio. aug1-3m

THIS IS NO HUMBUG!—By sending 50 cents, and stamp, with age, height, color of eyes and hair, you will receive, by return mail, a correct picture of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage. Address W. FOX, P. O Drawer No. 40, Fultonville, New York. my2-24t

CORNS BUNIONS, BAD NAILS, etc., cured by Dr. J. Briggs, 208 Broadway, cor. Fulton. *Briggs' Curative*, a reliable remedy. Sold everywhere. By mail, 60 c. and $1 20.

CATARRH HEADACHE, NEURALGIA RHEUMATISM, &c. cured by *BRIGGS' Alleviator* a reliable remedy. Sold everywhere. 50c. & $1. Samples free by Express. Dr. J. BRIGGS & Co. 208 Broadway N. Y. je6-1y

YOUR DESTINY! WHAT IS IT?—An experienced clairvoyant will, on receipt of 50 cents and stamped envelope, send a written destiny. News of absent friends, marriage, likeness, fortune, &c., given while in a state of trance. None have written who were not surprised at the truthful predictions. Address, with lock of hair, Miss KATE MARKOE, Station D., New York. oct3-3m

WOMAN.

FEMALES, owing to the peculiar and important relations which they sustain, their peculiar organization, and the offices they perform, are subject to many sufferings. Freedom from these contributes in no small degree to their happiness and welfare, for none can be happy who are ill. Not only so, but no one of these various female complaints can long be suffered to run on without involving the general health of the individual, and are long producing permanent sickness and premature decline. Nor is it pleasant to consult a physician for the relief of these various delicate affections, and only upon the most urgent necessity will a true woman so far sacrifice her greatest charm as to do this. The sex will then thank us for placing in their hands simple specifics which will be found efficacious in relieving and curing almost every one of those troublesome complaints peculiar to the sex.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT OF BUCHU.

Hundreds suffer on in silence, and hundreds of others apply vainly to druggists and doctors, who either merely tantalize them with the hope of a cure or apply remedies which make them worse. I would not wish to assert anything that would do injustice to the afflicted, but I am obliged to say that although it may be produced from excessive exhaustion of the powers of life by laborious employment, unwholesome air and food, profuse menstruation, the use of tea and coffee, and frequent childbirth, it is far oftener caused by direct irritation, applied to the mucous membrane of the vagina itself.

When reviewing the causes of these distressing complaints, it is most painful to contemplate the attendant evils consequent upon them. It is but simple justice to the subject to enumerate a few of the many additional causes which so largely affect the life, health, and happiness of woman in all classes of society, and which, consequently, affect more or less directly, the welfare of the entire human family. The mania that exists for precocious education and marriage, causes the years that nature designed for corporeal development to be wasted and perverted in the restraints of dress, the early confinement of school, and especially in the unhealthy excitement of the ball room. Thus, with the body half-clothed, and the mind unduly excited by pleasure, perverting in midnight revel the hours designed by nature for sleep and rest, the work of destruction is half accomplished.

In consequence of this early strain upon her system, unnecessary effort is required by the delicate votary to retain her situation in school at a later day, thus aggravating the evil. When one excitement is over, another in prospective keeps the mind morbidly sensitive to impression, while the new constant restraint of fashionable dress absolutely forbidding the exercise indispensable to the attainment and retention of organic health and strength; the exposure to night air; the sudden change of temperature; the complete prostration produced by excessive dancing, must, of necessity, produce their legitimate effect. At last, an early marriage caps the climax of misery, and the unfortunate one, hitherto so utterly regardless of the plain dictates and remonstrances of her delicate nature, becomes an unwilling subject of medical treatment. This is but a truthful picture of the experience of thousands of our young women.

Long before the ability to exercise the functions of the generative organs, they require an education of their peculiar nervous system, composed of what is called the tissue, which is, in common with the female breast and lips, evidently under the control of mental emotions and associations at an early period of life; and, as we shall subsequently see these emotions, when excessive, lead, long before puberity, to habits which sap the very life of their victims ere nature has self completed their development.

For Female Weakness and Debility, Whites or Leucorrhœa, Too Profuse Menstruation, Exhaustion, Too Long Continued Periods, for Prolapsus and Bearing Down, or Prolapsus Uteri, we offer the most perfect specific known:

HELMBOLD'S

COMPOUND EXTRACT OF BUCHU.

Directions for use, diet, and advice, accompany.

Females in every period of life, from infancy to extreme old age, will find it a remedy to aid nature in the discharge of its functions. Strength is the glory of manhood and womanhood.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU

is more strengthening than any of the preparations of Bark or Iron, infinitely safer, and more pleasant.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU,

having received the endorsement of the most prominent physicians in the United States, is now offered to afflicted humanity as a certain cure for the following diseases and symptoms, from whatever cause originating: General Debility, Mental and Physical Depression, Imbecility, Determination of Blood to the Head, Confused Ideas, Hysteria, General Irritability, Restlessness and Sleeplessness at Night, Absence of Muscular Efficiency, Loss of Appetite, Dyspepsia, Emaciation, Low Spirits, Disorganization or Paralysis of the Organs of Generation, Palpitation of the Heart, and, in fact, all the concomitants of a Nervous and Debilitated state of the system. To insure the genuine, cut this out. Ask for

HELMBOLD'S.

Take no other. Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Price $1.25 per bottle, or six bottles for $6.50. Delivered to any address. Describe symptoms in all communications. Address

H. T. HELMBOLD,

DRUG AND CHEMICAL WAREHOUSE,

594 Broadway, New York.

NONE ARE GENUINE UNLESS DONE UP IN STEEL-ENGRAVED WRAPPER, with a simile of my Chemical Warehouse, and signed my name

H. T. HELMBOLD.
sep26-eow1m

UPHAM'S

ASTHMA CURE

PRICE, TWO DOLLARS.

Beware of a spurious article, put up in imitation of UPHAM'S ASTHMA CURE. Ask or send for UPHAM'S ASTHMA CURE, and take no other.

UPHAM'S ASTHMA CURE

Is emphatically what its name indicates, a real SPECIFIC for the Asthma. It never fails to arrest even the worst symptoms; often cutting short the disease in a very few minutes of time. The obstructions are removed as by magic; free respiration re-established; the patient no longer fears death from suffocation, and feels that he has a new lease on life, and goes on his way rejoicing.

PRICE, $2 A BOX,
OR SIX BOXES FOR $10.

Sent post-paid to any address, securely sealed, on receipt of the money.

Address

S. C. UPHAM,
115 South Seventh Street,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Sold by all Druggists. Circular of testimonials sent free to any address.

JAPANESE

HAIR STAIN

Changes the Whiskers, Moustache and Hair to a beautiful Black or Brown, without injury to the Hair or Skin. The Japanese Hair Stain, unlike a Hair Dye, consists of only one preparation; therefore no sizing or previous preparation of the hair, except washing, is required before applying the Stain, a desideratum long sought for and now first obtained.

After having applied the Stain, the hair does not require washing, as there is no sediment to be removed, as is the case with Hair Dyes. The color is more durable than that produced by any Hair Dye, as the sun improves it instead of causing it to fade, and the color cannot be removed by water.

Price, 50 cts. a box. Sent by mail, post-paid, for 75 cts.

Address S. C. UPHAM, No. 115 SOUTH SEVENTH STREET, Philadelphia. Sold by all Druggists.

UPHAM'S DEPILATORY POWDER.

This Powder has been found highly beneficial and of great use to ladies who have been afflicted with superfluous hair, principally when its growth has been confined to the upper lip and side of the face, giving a masculine turn to the whole features. When used according to the directions, it will be found to be a great addition to the toilet, as the use of any sharp instrument is entirely avoided, and the hair is removed in five minutes after its application, without injury to the skin.

Price, $1 a bottle. Mailed to any address for $1.25.

Address S. C. UPHAM, No. 115 SOUTH SEVENTH STREET, Philadelphia. Sold by all Druggists.

Beware of a spurious article. Ask or send for "UPHAM'S DEPILATORY POWDER," and take no other.

None genuine without the signature, on the label of each bottle, of

Saml C. Upham, Chemist & Proprietor

WIT AND HUMOR.

The Lazy Man.

BY THE FAT CONTRIBUTOR.

The lazy man is nearly always good-natured. He never flies into a passion. He might *crawl* into one, if that were possible, but the idea of his flying into anything is preposterous.

Whoever heard of a lazy man breaking into a bank, where a crowbar had to be used, or drilling into a safe? Nobody. Not that he might not covet his neighbor's goods therein contained, but his horror of handling crowbars and drills would always deter him from actually committing burglary. He never runs away with his neighbor's wife, simply on account of the horror he has of running. If he is ever known to run it is—run to seed.

He rarely lies about his neighbors, for it would be too much exertion, but he can lie about a bar-room all day.

He is of inestimable service to a billiard saloon, keeping the chairs warm and watching the game, for few would care to play were there no spectators. The fact that he does this without pay, day in and day out, shows the unselfishness of his nature. What an industrious man, who considers his time worth something, would want pay for, the lazy man generally does for nothing, showing a freedom from mercenary motives that should go far to his credit.

The lazy man never gets up revolutions, insurrections or other popular excitements, and don't make a nuisance of himself by tramping around the country making incendiary speeches to promote public discontent.

In his own neighborhood he is never a busy-body in other people's affairs, for the very idea of being a *busy*-body at anything would drive him out of his head. By the way, if he ever got out of his head, you would have to drive him out, for he wouldn't have the energy to go out of his own accord.

No lazy man ever ran mad. If he went crazy, it was because he couldn't go anywhere else without walking.

Lazy men don't disturb the quiet of peaceful neighbors by putting up factories, furnaces, and such abominations.

Finally, lazy men don't get up base-ball clubs, which, if nothing else could be said in their favor, ought, in these days of excessive base-bawling, to entitle them to public gratitude.—*Cincinnati Times.*

An Ungracious Reply.

A young man had gained access to the house of one of the richest and most aristocratic families in Paris. He fell in love with the only daughter of the house, tried to ingratiate himself with her in every possible manner, and especially always brought her the latest publications. One day the father of the young lady came home at an earlier hour than usual; the ladies were still on the promenade. On the table lay M. de Camors, Octave Feuillet's latest novel. In order to while away his time, the old gentleman takes the book, about which he has heard a great deal, and commences glancing over it. He is surprised to find a number of the words underlined with a lead-pencil, not "beautiful passages," but insignificant words, such as "I" and "you" or "and." He turns over one leaf, two leaves, three leaves, and finds everywhere the same thing. Suddenly an idea occurs to him, for fathers having beautiful daughters are exceedingly keen-sighted in certain matters. He tried to connect the underlined words, and his petrified eyes read as follows: "Dearest Mademoiselle—Will—it—insult—you—if—I—tell—you—that—I—adore—and," in short a love-letter of the most gushing description, and closing with the suggestive words: "Answer—in—the—next—chapter." "Wait, you rascal," cries the father, "I will give you your answer." So saying, he takes a lead-pencil, underlines some words in the next chapter, wraps the book in a piece of paper, and hands it to his footman, whom he instructs to take it back to the sentimental young gentleman. The latter opens the volume, his heart throbbing like a sledge hammer, and—Oh, joy! finds that words are underlined in the next chapter. He reads as follows: "If—you—impudent—puppy—dare—again—cross—the—threshold—of—my—house—I—shall—kick—you—out—of—the—window."

Duties of Elders.

Rev. John Hancock, one of the earlier preachers in Lexington, was an eccentric man. Two of his parishioners wished to become elders in the church, and called to suggest their willingness to accept this responsible position. "Well," said Mr. Hancock, "the duties of elders have never, heretofore, been very well defined in the church, but latterly they have settled down to this—the younger elder is to brush down and harness the pastor's horse when he wishes to ride out, and the elder elder is to accompany the pastor when he goes out of town and pay his expenses. I should like very well to have such officers chosen." The gentlemen being taken somewhat by surprise, let the subject subside, and made no further effort for the choice of elders.

Maxims for Young Ladies.

Don't scream unless you are frightened.

A narrowness of waist shows a narrowness of mind.

It is a fine silk that knows no turning.

Practice (on the piano) makes perfect.

The true test of a man's temper is to keep him waiting ten minutes for his dinner.

Never faint when you are alone. Always select some good opportunity—or young man. The more persons there are about you, the more successful will be your faint. A woman should not only faint well, but be above suspicion.

The hand that can make a pie is a continual feast to the husband that marries it.

"My Half of Mamma."

"Now," said papa, "you little boys must stay right here and play till I come back, and not go into mamma's room, because she has a headache. You must see to Henry and keep him here, Eddy." "Yes, sir, I will," said Eddy, who was about three hairs taller than his brother. Pretty soon from her bedroom mamma heard Henry begin to tease to go and see her. "No, you can't go; I shan't let you," said Eddy, stoutly. "But I only just want to go in and kiss her; that is all," teased Henry. "I shan't let you kiss her. She is my mamma, and I shan't let you," repeated Eddy. "Well, half of her is my mamma, too, and I want to go and kiss my half," replied Henry.

"BONNET, a Covering for the Head."—*Johnson.*

INQUISITIVE PARENT (inspecting milliner's bill):—"By the way, my dear, I see there are bonnets charged for here. I never see you wear any!"

A LOVE MATCH.

I am happy: I do not show it,
You say; but I have my will
At last, and if we two know it,
It is better to be quite still.

Once I set my face as a flint,
Once I sharpened my tongue like a sword;
Then I battled and did not stint,
Now, now I have my reward—

In the peace that has nothing to tell,
In the life that has only to live;
We know one another so well,
The rest we know too, and forgive.

What is it you wish us to say
Or to do? is it rapture you miss?
Should we always be fainting away,
In your sight, in an exquisite kiss?

Do not think we have secrets to hide,
Or a treasure we fear will be spent;
I have all when I sit by his side,
There is no more in love to invent.

A hush more sweet than I sought
Has fallen on him and on me:
You ask, is it all as I thought?
No, why should I wish it to be?

Would I barter the trance of noonday
For the stormy glimpses of morn,
And the height of the level highway
For steep thickets of flowering thorn?

Though the flowers unplucked lie behind,
The white sun goes shining before,
Where we follow and drink up the wind
That pants to a far-away shore.

But you think we shall weary too,
When the weary sun sinks from the skies;
But the twilight will come, and the dew
Will fall like a seal on our eyes.

Do not think that I find it lonely
In the hush of the hot sunbeam;
Though the child at my breast seems only
A dream growing out of a dream.

G. A. SIMCOX.

Men Wanted.

The great want of this age is men. Men who are not for sale. Men who are honest, sound from centre to circumference, true to the heart's core. Men who will condemn wrong in friend or foe, in themselves as well as others. Men whose consciences are as steady as the needle to the pole. Men who will stand for the right if the heavens totter and the earth reels. Men who can tell the truth and look the world and the devil right in the eye. Men that neither brag nor run. Men that neither flag nor flinch. Men who can have courage without shouting to it. Men in whom the courage of everlasting life runs still, deep and strong. Men too large for sectarian bonds. Men who do not cry nor cause their voices to be heard on the streets, but who will not fail nor be discouraged, till judgment be set in the earth. Men who know their message and tell it. Men who know their places and fill them. Men who know their own business. Men who will not lie. Men who are not too lazy to work, nor too proud to be poor. Men who are willing to eat what they have earned, and wear what they have paid for.

The Red Sea.

The Red Sea is said to be the hottest place in the world. The atmosphere for about sixty miles in that sea is steamy and sticky. Everything in the shape of iron or steel about a ship takes on a coat of rust. During the summer months no one travels on the Red Sea unless compelled by business or military orders to do so. In the winter and spring the passage is delightful.—Yet navigation in that body of water is always attended with many dangers. The Red Sea is long and narrow, with sunken rocks and projecting reefs; and counter winds prevail, which produce dangerous currents. There are three light-houses in the sea, which must be kept by salamander-like men, since the thermometer runs up to one hundred and twenty degrees in July, and approaches ninety in early spring.

A POOR SCHOLAR.—An eccentric gentleman, who was always liberal in his aid to unfortunate persons of education, being applied to for assistance by a young man who represented himself as a "poor scholar," put him a question in Latin, which the applicant not understanding, the gentleman exclaimed, "Why, did you not say you were a *poor scholar?*" "Yes," replied the young man, "and so I am a very *poor* one, indeed—so poor that I don't understand a word of any language but my own."

Dinner-Tables.

Absence of body-color is the greatest defect of modern pottery, particularly that portion of it used on the dinner-table. Go where we may, let us be at home or abroad, the same dead-white is toned against a dead-white table-cloth; if there is a pattern on our plate, and on the dishes before our eye, it is probably of a pale green or blue; or if red, it is in such small masses as to produce little or no effect. We go out, say to a large London dinner-party, where our host has expended £100 or £120 on the service before us, it is rich in gilding, it bears his coat-of-arms, it is bordered with a brilliant blue or green; yet what is the effect? We look down or up the table, and see nothing but dead-white surfaces—the white table-cloth, the uncontrasting silver. In fact, there is no effect at all, except of a chill uniformity, unworthy of an age pretending to the least cultivation in matters of taste. Our potters seemingly forget that warm or high-toned colors are a cardinal necessity in the decorative arts of Northern climates.

English architects are beginning to perceive this truth by their revival of the ornamental terra-cotta and fine red brick work of the middle ages. Observe how well these masses of dark red tone against our wintry skies; and in summer how well they look amid the verdure of our woods and lawns. Except for occasional purposes, white brick and large masses of white stonework are as much out of keeping with our climate as the Grecian order of architecture. Open porticoes, colonnades, roof-lights, and white surfaces are unsuited to us. We want solidity, shelter, warmth, and tones of warmth in coloring, in our buildings; and we cannot afford to lose sight of the principle, so far as color is concerned, in even minor things. A century ago, Wedgewood deplored the necessity he was under of changing the color of his ordinary ware from a fine body-color of pale sulphur to a dead white. But the fashionable world, just as it grew tired of Bath or Weymouth, Ranelagh or the Pantheon, had grown tired of the cream color, and, with the caprice natural to a low state of education, vapid accomplishments, misused wealth, and a senseless and wearying pursuit of pleasure, clamored for a change.

He tried to compromise the matter by introducing what he called pearl-white, that was white slightly toned with pink, as the cream color was white more or less toned with yellow; but it was not well received. He had thus to export his finest wares to the West Indies and North America, and adopt for his home trade a pottery covered with a dead white glaze; not so white as that in use at present, but still low toned compared with his richest examples of cream color. Yet contrast the two; the fine sulphur color of Wedgewood's best days, with a modern dinner service of dead white, on which the pattern is in some low shade of the secondary and tertiary colors, as brown or green. In the one case you see no effect at all but negative unobtrusiveness; in the other a vivid conception of fitness and beauty strikes the mind, and is retained by the eye of the beholder.—*Once a Week.*

Hair Washes.

It is only right to refer to a source of possible disease which is peculiarly wide spread just now, and against which the public should be cautioned. At the present time there is quite a rage for the use of hair "washes" or "restorers," which, whilst the charge of their being "dyes" is indignantly repudiated, yet in a short time "restore" the color of the hair. The active agent in these washes is, of course, lead. In the majority of cases, probably, a moderate use of such a lotion would be unattended with mischief; but it is worth remembering that palsy has been known to be produced by the long continued use of cosmetics containing lead. But of the thousands of persons who are applying lead to their scalps, there will doubtless be some with an extreme susceptibility to the action of the poison, and these will certainly run no inconsiderable risk of finding the "restoration" of their hair attended by loss of power in their wrists.—*The Lancet.*

THE GRECIAN BEND.—Mr. Charles H. Webb saw the Grecian bend at Saratoga, and perpetrates the following thereon:

When lovely woman stoops to frolic,
And rues the ruse, alas, too late,
What balm shall soothe her meloncolic?
What art shall set her back up straight?

The only thing for her disaster—
The only way her woe to end,
Is to apply a mustard plaster—
If she won't do it, let her bend.

☞ Fashion authorities announce three-cornered visiting cards.

AGRICULTURAL.

Large Farms.

We, in this part of the country, have very limited ideas of farming as compared to some of the Western states.

A writer in the Prairie Farmer, Chicago, has been giving an account of a few of the farms which he has lately visited. One in Champaign county, called "Broadlands," contains 20,000 acres, or seven by six miles. This was owned by J. M. Sullivant, who wanted a bigger farm, and has sold it to John Alexander, and purchased one of 40,000 in Ford county. On the Broadlands farm there are this season 5,000 acres in corn and a large quantity in oats. There are now 4,000 head of cattle on the place—divided into *small* herds of 500 each. Many miles of hedge have been set. This is being extended every year.

Hickory Grove is the name of a farm of 26,000 acres in Benton county, Indiana. This is entirely prairie, except a magnificent hickory grove. A grove of twenty acres of poplar has been planted, and another of maples is to be planted. Thirteen thousand acres are under post and board fence, making forty-two miles. Seventy miles of Osage Orange hedge have been started on the place, and preparations are making for setting a large amount more next season. There are about 4,000 head of cattle on this farm. They are divided into herds of from 500 to 700, and kept in pastures of from 2,000 to 3,000 acres. A part of them are herded outside of the closed portions in the daytime, and driven within for the night. Four years ago this farm was an unbroken prairie. A farm adjoining the above contains 12,000 acres, and is devoted to stock raising, and another of 8,000 is occupied in the same way.

In the Wabash Valley there are many farms from 1,000 to 8,000 acres, on which stock raising is carried on with eminent success. The cattle are represented as in fine condition, and perfect health, and their sleek and glossy coats shine in the sun like silver.

Items.

—A plant thrives better where the air is "foul" with fertility. Malarious districts are often—and may we not say generally?—the richest. Afterwards, when cultivation has progressed, they are less fruitful, while the air is more healthy. It was in the carboniferous period that vegetation was the most luxuriant. The air, then, was highly charged with carbon, and with other matter deleterious to animal life, but favorable to vegetation.

—Few have constant and abundant supply of small fruits. All might have who cultivate land. Strawberries, currants, raspberries, gooseberries, blackberries and cherries, will supply the table every day in the year with wholesome fruit.

—Setting hens can be cured by putting water in a vessel to the depth of one inch, putting the hen into it, and covering the top of the vessel for about twenty-four hours. The vessel should be deep enough to allow the fowl to stand up. This is the best remedy I have ever tried.

—Flax seed occasionally given to horses or cattle, will make them shed their old hair—and whether old or young, soon get sleek and fat. It is the only thing which will fatten some old horses. So says an exchange.

—A Kentuckian writes to the Northwestern Farmer that of a lot of telegraph poles put up in Kentucky, the chestnut rotted first, the cedar gave way next, the locust stood five years longer and were still nearly sound.

—Mr. Lewis, of Schuyler, N. Y., stated at a meeting of the Little Falls Farmers Club that he had a meadow which by top dressing produced twenty different kinds of grasses, and he would not have it ploughed for $100 per acre.

—A Merino ram belonging to L. Noble, gave a fleece of wool weighing 24 lbs. 2 oz., and gave 9 lbs. 3 oz. of cleansed wool as certified to by the manufacturers who cleansed it. This is considerably the largest scoured Merino fleece on record.

—To take rust out of steel, rub well with sweet oil, and let the oil remain upon them for forty-eight hours. Then rub with leather sprinkled with unslaked lime, finely powdered, until all the rust disappears.

—Never train or support a plant in an unnatural position. Climbers should not be turned into trailers, nor trailers into climbers. Plants of a low spreading habit should not be forced to assume an upright position, and upright plants should not be compelled to sprawl on the ground.

RECEIPTS.

SPICED BEEF IN THE IRISH STYLE.—To a round weighing from twenty to twenty-five pounds, take a pint of salt, one ounce of saltpetre, two ounces of pepper, two ounces of cloves, one ounce of allspice, four ounces of brown sugar, all well pulverized, and mixed together; rub the round well with it, and lay it in a small tub or vessel by itself. Turn and rub it once a day for ten days. It will not injure if it remain a week longer in the spices, if it should not be convenient to bake it. When you wish to have it cooked, strew over the top of the round a small handful of suet. Be particular to bind it tight round with a cord, or narrow strip of muslin, which must be wrapped several times round to keep it in shape; put it in a dutch-oven, and add three pints of water when it is first put down; keep water boiling in the tea-kettle, and add a little as it seems necessary, observing not to add too much. It will require a slow heat, and take four hours to bake.

This is a very fine standing dish, and will be good for three weeks after cooking. Keep the gravy that is left to pour over it to keep it moist.

COTTAGE CHEESE.—Put loppered milk in a kettle, and set it on the stove where it will heat gradually, until the curd all settles. Do not let it it get too hot, or the curd will be too hard. Then pour it into a thin cloth-strainer; hang it up and let it drain until sufficiently dry; then put it into a pan or other vessel; make it fine with the hands; add a little cream if you wish it in balls; or, if you like it soft to dish out with a spoon, add more thin cream; and salt to suit the taste, or no salt, just as you please.

ANOTHER METHOD.—Put your milk in a large pan or other vessel, and pour boiling water in it; stirring it constantly meanwhile to prevent its scalding in lumps, until it is about as hot as you can bear your hand in it; let it stand a few minutes to settle, and then pour off the water; and if it is not sufficiently hard, pour on a little more; after which proceed as with the other.

THE RIDDLER.

Riddle.

I am composed of 4 letters.
My 4, 2, 1, is a play thing.
My 3, 4, 2, 1, is a period.
My 1, 2, is a river in Southern Europe.
My 3, 2, 4, is a degraded creature.
My 1, 2, 4, is a useful domestic article.
My whole is an old and valued friend in thousands of families, and one of the best and most instructive known.

Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Algebraical Problem.

A and B borrowed $2,000 each for a certain length of time—at the expiration of which A, who agreed to allow compound interest, had $2,315.25 to pay; but the debt of B, who was to pay simple interest only, amounted to but $2,300. Required—the length of time, and the rate per cent. of interest allowed.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

Two persons were comparing their ages together, when the older said to the younger: "It appears that there is 50 years difference in our ages, and that the square of the years of my age is 30 more than 10 times the square of the years of your age." What were their respective ages?

PERCIVAL JARRETT.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is the letter *D* like a wedding ring? Ans.—Because *we* cannot be *wed* without it.

☞ Why are the fair sex like the letter L? Ans.—Because we cannot make *love* without them.

☞ Why is the letter W like a busybody? Ans.—Because it makes *ill will*.

☞ Why is the letter G like the sun? Ans.—Because it is the centre of *light*.

☞ Why is I the least eligible of the vowels? Ans.—Because it is the only one that is in-distinct.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Carbine. METAGRAM—Hope (Pope, Hebe, Hop.) RIDDLE—Emily.

Answer to J. M. Greenwood's PROBLEM of June 13th—4 miles. J. M. Greenwood, and J. S. Phebus.

Answer to E. P. Norton's PROBLEM of July 4th. The area is 3234 sq. rds., the diameter of the circumscribing circle is 85 rds.; its area is 5674,515 rds.; the length of the diagonals are 77 and 84 rds., and cross each other at right angles. E. P. Norton. Area of the quadrilateral 20 acres, 34 perches. Diameter of the circumscribing circles 85 rds.; area of the same 35 acres, 74 plus perches. Length of diagonal A. C. 84 rds., and B. C. 77 rds.; they cross each other at right angles. J. N. Soders, C. A. Benjamin, D. M. and W. B. Mullin. Area of quadrilateral 3235,74 plus rds.; diameter of circumscribing circle 84 rds.; area of the same 5541,78 plus rds.; length of the two diagonals 76,8 plus, and 84,26 plus rds., crossing at right angles. S. S. Knox.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of July 11th—3062 of distance between the bells from the second. W. H. Morrow, and J. N. Soders.

Answer to W. T. Stonebraker's PROBLEM of same date—3 of the largest size, 12 of the middle size, 2 of the small size. W. T. Stonebraker, F. M. Priest, J. M. Soders, S. S. Knox, E. Brown, C. Beers, W. B. Mullin, C. A. Benjamin, A. Reid, G. H. Wilcox, 3⅛ of the $19 kind, 3⅛ of the $7 kind, 10 of the $6 kind. A. S. Bordner.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of July 11th. The sound will be heard equally well at a point ⅛ of the distance from the smaller bell. F. M. Priest.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of July 18th—$110⅛. W. H. Morrow, F. M. Priest; $110.66—S. S. Knox; $110.67—J. N. Soder.

Answer to H. R. Spink's PROBLEM of same date—114.6 ft.; H. R. Spink. 114.7373 ft.; F. M. Priest. 114.73715 ft.; J. N. Soders.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of July 25th—$5,0394—W. H. Morrow; $5.0395—J. N. Soders. $5.86888 plus—J. M. Greenwood. $5.556 13-27—F. M. Priest.

Answer to J. S. Phebus's PROBLEM of same date—2.103634 miles. J. S. Phebus; 2.454 plus miles *east*—J. M. Greenwood; 2 miles, 22 rds.—F. M. Priest; 2.81485 miles east—J. N. Soders.

OYSTER OMELET.—Allow for every six large oysters or twelve small ones one egg. Remove the hard part, and mince the remainder of the oyster very fine; take, say, the yolks of eight and the white of four eggs, beat them until very light, then mix in the oysters with a little pepper, and beat all up thoroughly; put in the fryingpan a gill of butter, and move it about until it melts; when the butter boils in the pan, skim it and turn in the omelet, stir it until it begins to stiffen, fry it a light brown, lift the edge carefully, and slip a round-pointed knife under; do not let it be overdone, but as soon as the under side is a light brown turn it on to a very hot plate; never fold this omelet over; it will make it heavy. If you want to brown it highly, you can hold a red-hot shovel over it.

POTTED OX-TONGUE.—Boil tender an unsmoked tongue of good flavor, and the following day cut from it the quantity desired for potting, or take for this purpose the remains of one which has already been served at table. Trim off the skin and rind, weigh the meat, mince it very small, then pound it as fine as possible with four ounces of butter to each pound of tongue, a small teaspoonful of mace, half as much of nutmeg and cloves, and a tolerably high seasoning of cayenne. After the spices are well beaten with the meat, taste it, and add more if required.

CHOU CHOU.—To one peck of green tomatoes add three good-sized onions; six peppers with the seeds taken out; chop together, and boil three minutes in three quarts of vinegar. Throw this vinegar away after straining. Then to three quarts of new vinegar, when scalding hot, add two cups of sugar, one cup of mixed mustard, one tablespoonful of cloves, one of allspice, two of cinnamon, three of salt. Pour over the tomatoes hot.